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A GERMAN mark was worth 24 cents before the war; at the time of the armistice you could buy 7 for a dollar; when the Peace of Versailles was signed three years ago a dollar bought 12½ marks; two years ago, 38; one year ago, 76; one month ago, 285; today, 550. And that, in a sense, is the measure of Allied diplomacy. Germany was to have been the goose laying golden eggs, and Germany has been starved, plucked, ruined. Today there is talk once more of German bankruptcy—but bankruptcy is a misused word in international relations. The past eight years have taught us new notions of national finances. Nations no longer "default"; they "postpone," they "refund," they issue paper money. The paper money presses always keep a trifle ahead of the depreciation that follows upon their work. Other causes have contributed, but Allied diplomacy is primarily responsible for this continuing ruin of Europe. The vengeful treaties, and the vengeful spirit which still rants of abstract "justice" forgetful of the human meanings of its concept of justice, have prevented the resurrection of Europe which was so bright a hope while men were fighting. The German governments which have attempted to fulfil the treaties to the best of their country's ability have met only misunderstanding and abuse on the other side of the Rhine. There have been successive reductions of the reparations burden but they have always come grudgingly and too late. Now Germany is forced to demand a moratorium, and it seems probable that it will be granted her. It comes late. The policy of fulfilment of the treaty has been linked with republicanism in Germany, and the spirit of hate which made Rathenau's assassination possible has been nourished by Allied policy. A moratorium unaccompanied by a new spirit of understanding will only postpone more trouble.

BATTLES at the Hague follow the battle at Genoa. First the young American newspapermen forced entrance to the Peace Palace whence all journalists had been barred; then Litvinov the Russian admonished the Dutch guards who would not suffer the press men to come unto him; and after these preliminary skirmishes the big battle of wits began. Litvinov has a sense of humor and must have enjoyed it. He said that Russia might recognize her pre-war debts if she were not required to begin payments for from 20 to 50 years. He said Russia might restore some of the nationalized property to its former owners but added that the world must understand that Russia would do so purely as a matter of expediency, not because she believed it right—and hinted that a $1,600,000,000 credit would be a powerful incentive. This brought the Belgians and Frenchmen to their feet in bitter protest, but Litvinov stood firm. He asked the Allies to present a list of individual claimants against Russia, insisting that in the shuffle Russia had lost track of the original owners of much property. This the Allies refused. They, or most of them, want a recognition of private property in principle more than restitution in detail. When they asked for a budget, Litvinov engagingly presented forty pages of figures showing, among other things, that Russia had printed paper rubles of a face value of 85 trillion rubles during June of this year. Meanwhile, behind the façade, Leslie Urquhart of the Ural mines and H. W. Boyle of the Royal Dutch-Shell Oil Company are busily conversing on much more practical terms with Litvinov and Krassin. France threatens to withdraw from the Hague; but what, in these days, is a mere government compared to an oil company?

THE problem of Palestine has made strange bedfellows: it has tossed the tory *Morning Post* under the same coverlet with the Mohammedan Arab chieftains; and the Holy See has crawled in alongside. All of them are afraid, it appears, that the Jews will build up a powerful, tyrannical state by the shores of the Jordan and that no one else will be allowed life or liberty or a free look at the Holy Places. So far these fears have been founded on imagination. A Jew named Rutenberg has, to be sure, secured a valuable concession for the water rights in Palestine and British business circles are apparently much aroused on grounds that may not be wholly altruistic or patriotic. But the Zionist organization and the Jewish parties in Palestine are struggling to develop the country against odds which may in the end overpower them: financial difficulty, labor trouble, Arab hostility, and dissension in their own ranks. They must look to British influence to protect them from the danger of attack by the Arabs, and their relative num-

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bers (the Jews are only about 10 per cent of the population) should make them wary of treading on Mohammedan toes. The situation is an uncomfortable one, and rather anomalous. But if the British show any degree of wisdom in the exercise of their mandate they can do much to secure internal peace. The rights of nationals of other countries and the guarding of the Holy Places would seem to be amply provided for by the terms of the mandate; American rights are specifically covered by the agreement printed in *The Nation* of July 12. The danger in the Palestine situation, if danger exists, is to be found not in Jewish tyranny but in a possible battle of concessions which would hurt the Jewish workers and their aspirations quite as much as the Arabs. It is to be hoped that the British will prevent this too.

THAT must have been a rare session of the French Chamber when young Paul Vaillant-Couturier, decorated with every medal the French Government could give for war bravery, stood up and denounced his country's prime minister, Poincaré, as one of the diplomats most responsible for the war. For two hours he read documents, most of them from the amazing "Livre Noir"—Isvolsky's reports of his machinations with Poincaré—recently published in France. For two hours the Chamber listened resentfully; then, when Vaillant-Couturier touched on the visit to Russia made by Poincaré and Viviani at the very outbreak of the war, Viviani interrupted. Viviani was prime minister at that time, and Poincaré president. Viviani is probably the finest emotional orator in the French Chamber today—and the tradition of great oratory survives in the Palais-Bourbon. Viviani's vanity was touched. Why all the abuse for Poincaré? "If any Frenchman was responsible it was I," he cried. "I was the responsible head of the Government. I gave the order to mobilize. I ordered . . ." And in his full rich voice, with all the passionate emotion of the days of 1914, Viviani launched forth. He recalled the hours when Paris quivered as von Kluck drew near—hours, though he did not mention it, when he and Poincaré were safe at Bordeaux 400 miles away. He denounced the Kaiser, and shouted "He lies who says that the mobilization of Russia brought on the war." Viviani's oratory brought half the excited deputies to tears. Poincaré ran up to him and in Gallic enthusiasm kissed him on both cheeks. For the Chamber, as for the Paris press, the debate was decided. But the world will read more of Vaillant-Couturier's documents. Poincaré's diplomatic record cannot be wiped out by a flood of oratory.

AMERICAN imperialism is likely soon to exhibit a bit of silver lining. The Dominican Republic will go free. Such is the significance of an announcement by the Senate committee investigating Haiti and Santo Domingo. Six months ago that committee urged continued occupation until the Dominicans accepted the terms we made for them a year ago. It now announces that it defers its report on that country "in view of the negotiations happily to begin between the State Department and the Dominican leaders." Those negotiations, of course, began months ago. Back of them was the stubborn unanimity of the entire Dominican people who for seven years courageously opposed superior force with passive resistance. "You can take our country," they said in effect, "you have the strength to do it, but we shall give you no title." Their strategy proved formidable. In the face of a growing world opinion, especially throughout Latin America our tenure of that small Caribbean republic became increasingly embarrassing. Several tempting compromises were offered the Dominicans—but they refused. Now, it appears, they will regain their independence, returning to the status provided by the Treaty of 1907, which was an honorable agreement openly arrived at. History records few more inspiring examples of the power of the spirit than this victory of the Dominicans.

LATE in May President Harding wrote Secretary Hoover to congratulate him for the part that he and his Unemployment Conference had played in enabling the United States successfully to pass "the winter of the greatest unemployment in the history of the country." We thereupon wrote to the office of the Conference on Unemployment for particulars, first, as to the evidence on which the President's optimism was based, and second, as to the concrete achievements of the Conference. We were informed of returning prosperity in the building trades, in steel mills, and in automobile factories, and were told that while the Federal Employment Service in January placed only 38 out of every 100 registered, this number increased to 66 in May, and in the last week of May to 70. The number of applicants for each 100 jobs, meanwhile, had fallen from 226 in January to 110 in the last week of May. Later reports show further increases in employment during June. The services of the Conference on Unemployment were summarized as creating: (1) An emergency organization synchronizing community activities; (2) a more permanent organization to deal with the larger aspects of preparation for future periods of depression and unemployment.

THIS record warrants a hope, rather than a conviction, that the unemployment crisis is over. It also warrants a measure of gratitude toward the Conference on Unemployment—in particular toward certain of its permanent staff who did admirable work under the limitations imposed upon them—and toward some municipal officials and generous private individuals. The country in general, however, has shown small appreciation of the unemployment problem and has, for the most part, approached it with a combination of the philosophy of Pollyanna and of Micawber—"Be glad, and by and by something will turn up." No adequate effort was made to get accurate statistics on the real number unemployed; on the number relieved by various public agencies; or on the condition of the unemployed. Something was done to relieve unemployment by stimulating public work, but no real program was developed. Senator Kenyon's bill, which at least promised a beginning of better things, was defeated. Unemployment insurance has been ignored and no effective system of correlated public employment exchanges has been instituted. The country had a right to hope for better leadership in the war against unemployment from Mr. Hoover and this Administration. The fundamental fault, however, lies with the American attitude, which is a blend of optimism for the future with helplessness or indifference in the face of present suffering. And there are those who have welcomed unemployment to force wages "back to normalcy."

A WAR against pacifism and internationalism, it is announced, has been declared by J. Mayhew Wainwright of Washington. Mr. Wainwright, who is a member of the American Legion and Assistant Secretary of War, fears the

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growing sentiment in the direction of peace and disarmament and announces that the War Department has decided upon a systematic propaganda campaign (financed, Gentle Reader, with your money) to keep alive the prejudice, ignorance, and stupidity upon which nationalism and war feed. It may be objected that Congress alone has the power to declare war and that Mr. Wainwright and his fellow-officials are hired to administer their department as the people wish—not to tell the people what they are to wish. But Mr. Wainwright knows better. He knows that in Germany and every other militaristic state the people have first set the army going and then the army has set the people going. Naturally, he would go and do likewise. Fortunately, Mr. Wainwright's fear of the rise of the spirit of peace and brotherhood is well founded; the tide of international understanding and world cooperation may render Mr. Wainwright as useless to his generation as the discarded tail of the pre-historic ape to the modern man.

LATE returns from the primary elections in North Dakota show that 2,099 precincts out of 2,184 gave Lynn J. Frazier 91,615 votes against 78,140 for Porter J. McCumber in the contest for Republican nominee for United States Senator. Furthermore, the Nonpartisan League nominated not only Frazier but also its candidate for State Auditor and for Commissioner of Insurance and three men for the State Railroad Commission. The League failed to win places on the Republican ballot for its candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Attorney General, Secretary of State, and State Treasurer. In the non-party primary for judges of the Supreme Court the League won three of the six places. Indications are that two of the three men chosen will be elected in November. Governor Nestos won his renomination against B. F. Baker, the Nonpartisan League's candidate, by a vote of 92,624, against 80,924 in 2,099 precincts out of 2,184.

WE remarked last week that Frazier's victory over McCumber was not obtained by a straight Nonpartisan League vote, since influences other than that organization contributed to undo the present senior Senator from North Dakota. It should be said also that the victory of Nestos was due to mixed influences. He had indorsed virtually the whole farmers' program, basing his opposition to the League upon its methods and personnel. The League, it is true, doubts the sincerity of Governor Nestos's devotion to its ideas, but a large number of voters are less critical. It is evident that North Dakota still stands by the Nonpartisan League platform as a whole from the fact that Nestos, who practically ran upon it, was elected, while McCumber, who said he would never compromise with "state socialism," went down to defeat.

LET those who mourn because the sins of civilization have corrupted the South Seas console themselves with the thought—if there is any consolation in it—that the penguins of Graham Land in the Antarctic will not suffer from the example of civilized men for the reason that they are already tolerably sinful themselves. Messrs. Bagshawe and Lester of the British Imperial Antarctic Expedition, just returned from a winter spent at Andvord Bay, bring back the instructive news. The penguins who were their neighbors, and their food, behaved a great deal as if there were no Ten Commandments. They practiced wife-beating occasionally, and husband-deceiving. One wedded pair and a frolicsome bachelor were seen to be involved in a contentious and nearly mortal triangle. Another of the wives caught her husband flirting, knocked him down in a fair fight, and made him sit on her eggs. Side by side with a very orderly settlement of the birds was another so given to disorder as to be ostracized by the respectable—a dirty, brawling, thieving lot which could not keep their flappers or noses to themselves but were always stealing stones from the nests of the bourgeoisie and poking into their affairs. All of them, good and bad alike, were inquisitive and most of them were idle. Their favorite sport was rolling empty milk tins down the slopes of the island and hopping over them as they rolled. The chances are they swore when things went wrong. Their manners were little better than their morals. Where now is the state of nature?

WHAT the Sunday newspapers refer to as "the realm of sport" has resounded lately with great deeds and thrilling encounters. On one and the same day we had to crane our necks and strain our eyes as we watched across the misty Atlantic the performances of two Americans in England: one competing for the woman's lawn-tennis championship of the world at Wimbledon, the other for the Diamond Sculls at Henley. Fortunately one American won while the other lost. We say fortunately because too much athletic success is not good for Americans and too much defeat is not good for anybody. Considering the amount of long-distance and short-tempered talking that preceded the match, Mlle. Lenglen disposed of Mrs. Mallory with truly indecent dispatch. As for Mr. Hoover (not Herbert but a greater one of that name), he put his British rival out of the rowing in 9 minutes, 32 seconds, and at that made slower time than he did the day before in the semi-finals. Anyhow the pace was sufficient to bring to the United States the famous sculling trophy which Ten Eyck first won for this country in 1897 and only one other American had ever carried away until Mr. Hoover rowed off with it so briskly that none could overtake him.

BUT while the performances of Mrs. Mallory and Mr. Hoover occupy the front pages of the newspapers we follow with equally bated breath the progress in branches of sport less loudly acclaimed. Around New York City, for instance, there have been some soul-stirring contests at marbles, while in Gloucester, Massachusetts, a new record in cod-skinning has just been hung up. In marbles the emergent figures are two boys, both named Buster. One Buster recently received a silver cup after a grueling contest in Jersey City which lasted one hour and thirteen minutes and required 352 shots by the winner and 360 by his opponent. When on July 22 the two Busters meet in a tournament for the championship of the United States, we predict that something will crack. To return to Gloucester, we glean from an eight-line paragraph on the last page of a metropolitan daily that on the Fourth of July Everett White skinned a five-pound cod in 37½ seconds, breaking the record of 46 seconds established back in 1853. "White received a cup," the newspaper paragraph concludes simply. We think he deserves it and we hope it may never be empty. For while horse-racing has well been called the sport of kings, we hold that cod-skinning is the king of sports.

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He Who Gets Slapped

IT is Warren G. Harding who is getting slapped in the title role of the farce—or is it a tragedy?—staged by the Republican Party for the delectation of the American people. He is now slowly and painfully finding out what should have been patent to him from the beginning—that you cannot turn back the hands of time. The attempt to McKinleyize America, to treat it as if nothing had changed since 1896, is collapsing. Simultaneously with the defeat in the Senate of the resolution to apply cloture to the debate on the Fordney-McCumber tariff came the revolt of the Republican Senators against the scandalous ship-subsidy bill and their resolution to lay upon the President's doorstep once more that ill-starred foundling, the bonus bill. Of course, we are told that neither bill is dead, that both are only sleeping. But that slumber is bound to last until long after the congressional election, for, unless all signs fail, they will not be passed at this session of Congress. Neither is their passage likely at the short session beginning next December, which will have its hands full with the appropriation bills. Hence there will be no opportunity to jam through these grabs until December, 1923, unless the President should call an extra session for that express purpose in March of next year. We do not know whether the *Journal of Commerce* is correct in saying that every Senator is privately opposed to the ship-subsidy bill. We devoutly hope that the statement is true; but even if it is a great exaggeration we are encouraged by it and other signs to believe that this last of a long list of brazen attempts to saddle the support of a merchant marine upon the taxpayers has failed. Moreover, the longer the bill is before the public the greater will be the opposition to it.

Thus the President faces the fall election with pathetically little to show for the first phase of his administration. He has made some economies in governmental expenditure and some improvements in its business methods; his Limitation of Armaments Conference such as it was—it did pour oil upon the troubled waters of our relations with Japan—stands to his credit. But no piece of really constructive legislation has been put through by his party. Even the desperate efforts to pass the tariff bill are meeting with more and more opposition as the summer waxes. The defeat of cloture means the continuation of the debate until October 1. Senator Norris has announced that he will vote against the bill, and we cannot believe that Senators Borah and La Follette and others on the Republican side will do otherwise than join the opposition. The utter folly of raising higher tariff walls around the country at the moment when we are demanding the payment of interest on the Allied debts which can only be paid in goods, and when our export trade is in a parlous state, has turned the stomachs of men who were formerly thick-and-thin supporters of every and all tariffs. Even among the manufacturers there is no such unanimity of sentiment as attended the passing of the McKinley, the Dingley, or the Payne-Aldrich measures. The farmers, bribed as they have been by indefensible tariffs on food products which will immediately increase the cost of living to American workers without commensurate benefit to themselves, are none the less beginning to revolt. Many staunch Republican newspapers cannot conceal their distress that the party should have no greater vision than to repeat in 1922 the fatal blunders of 1910; the speech of Senator La Follette on July 7 recalling what happened to Mr. Taft and the party as a result of the betrayal of the plain American people by the Payne-Aldrich bill will sink deep.

Indeed, the leaders of the Republican Party will find their tasks growing more difficult with every day and it will not be surprising if even this precious bit of tariff bungling should fail at the last moment so inept is the leadership, so utterly inadequate to their task the minds of the Lodges, Fordneys, and Mondells. At a time when the world is in travail, when the rest of humanity stretches out its hands to America for help, when our own antiquated economic system creaks and cracks and groans, they know nothing to do but to push through an inhumane tariff bill which will not only not help America toward prosperity, but will intensify the economic suffering of the rest of the world. It is no wonder, therefore, that a self-appointed committee of Senators was chosen to wait upon the President, to administer one slap after another to him, and to tell him that everything else must be sidetracked if the tariff bill is to be pulled and pushed and hauled until, an obnoxious mess of crookednesses and compromises, it finally becomes law and the Republicans have one concrete achievement, disreputable though it may be, to which to point. It is the breakdown of Hardingism. The Republican Party, which for many decades used to announce that it alone was fit to rule, is collapsing under Harding precisely as so many foretold.

What can the President say to the country? His excellent plan to reorganize the Government, promised for Christmas, still lags. He has offset the successes of the Washington Conference by keeping army and navy to an unnecessary size. He has violated the campaign promises to end his predecessor's wrongdoing in the Caribbean. He will neither recognize Obregon nor do justice to the Russians. More and more his is becoming a Government by, with, and for Big Business. His promised association of nations is as nebulous as ever. Before the spectacle of a Europe collapsing he who could demand a just solution of the Franco-German entanglement sits silent and helpless. Only after a perilously long delay has he at last laid down a basis—an excellent basis we gladly admit—on which a decent settlement of the coal strike may be possible. Here we have the practical result of the dictation of a Presidential candidate by five party bosses in a private room in the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago—bosses who did not have the slightest appreciation of what the next President would have to face and have to do.

For Mr. Harding personally we feel nothing but friendliness and pity. A kindly, well-meaning country editor has been placed by a train of circumstances in a position for which he was not fitted by force of personality, training, ability, knowledge, or achievement. No one can read the touching revelation of himself which he made to his Ohio neighbors on July 4 without a feeling for him of sympathy and regret. But the fact is that Mr. Harding is President and that, if he does not wish to become known as the President who let slip more magnificent opportunities to serve not only his country but all mankind than came to most of his predecessors combined, he must awaken to the situation of the world and the desperate needs of the hour both at home and abroad.

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The Strike and the Public

ANYONE tolerably familiar with the history of American labor struggles will find nothing new or surprising —and certainly nothing encouraging—in the railway strike. Labor, as usual, is divided; at the last moment the men with the worst grievances were told by their officers not to strike. The chairman of the Railroad Labor Board and the head of the federated shop-craftsmen now on strike exchange messages generally abusive with an occasional conciliatory interlude. The railway executives boast that they will run the trains, though some have already curtailed service; they have begun to hire armed guards and strike-breakers; the Labor Board exhorts the public not to apply the latter term to men who take the place of the strikers because no opprobrium ought to be attached to them. Already there have been some acts of violence, signs of weakness rather than of strength, which have been duly capitalized against the workers and which furnish a reason for holding troops in readiness for duty. Altogether it is a situation with which Americans must feel themselves uncomfortably at home.

What the workers do not learn from their own experience they will scarcely learn from outside exhortation. We do not doubt that the heads of the various unions into which the railroad workers are divided have done what their knowledge of the strength or weakness of their own organizations made them think best; but the situation is a sad commentary on the inefficiency of craft organization in obtaining solidarity. The situation is also a sad commentary on labor's lack of philosophy. The strikers repeat doggedly "You must pay us our former wages, end the system of putting out work on contract, and protect us against overtime," but they do not press any of those constructive suggestions which were embodied in the Plumb plan and to a lesser degree in the testimony of their own experts before various governmental bodies. Thus they weaken their cause.

But we who belong to that amorphous yet powerful group, the public, are not authorized by labor's faults to remain in the negative position of merely cursing those immediately responsible for an annoying strike. In the first place the strike calls attention to the inevitable failure of the Labor Board as now constituted. The Board is not and probably cannot be impartial in its membership. Theoretically the three members representing the public hold the balance of power. But those members are in all cases drawn from the same social class as the representatives of the railroads. They read the same papers, belong to the same societies and clubs, have the same instinctive concern for vested property. The Board, moreover, is debarred by circumstances from proceeding impartially. The coal miners have recently—and properly—made it clear that they are unalterably opposed to arbitration unless the arbitrators can go behind the employers' figures and inquire into the honesty and efficiency with which coal mining is conducted. The Labor Board can do nothing of the sort in the case of the railways. It can inquire into the cost of living and calculate the least amount of fuel upon which the human machine can be kept going—although it has not always heeded such findings; it cannot adequately inquire into efficiency of management. Under these conditions it is inevitable that its decisions represent not a determination of what justice requires, but a compromise determined largely by what a majority of its members think can be enforced upon disputants over whom it has only "moral" power. When we add the fact often chronicled in *The Nation* that the roads can and do defy the Board without seeming to strike against the public and without being outlawed by it, the picture of the Board as the workers see it is fairly complete.

A second question raised by this strike is even more fundamental than that just discussed. There has been no valid attempt to deny that the wages imposed on the railway workers are lower than those required by any of the various standard budgets. That is, the railways are parasitic; they do not pay enough properly to support their own workers. We are told that the railways can pay no more and that at any rate they pay better than other industries. That defense, if true, is a fundamental challenge either to the soundness of our economic order or to the efficiency with which it is worked. It means that America with all its natural wealth and its mechanical skill cannot give a decent living to the majority of its workers. Our machinery has deprived the workers of the old satisfactions of the creative instinct without emancipating them from the bitter pinch of less than a living wage. This is in effect what those who say that striking railroad workers and coal miners and mill hands in the New England textile factories cannot be paid more wages are admitting. If we were defenders of the excellence of our present profit system of production and distribution the admission would trouble us sorely.

The Demand for Amnesty

SLOWLY our Federal prisons are being emptied of political prisoners by expiration of sentence or by presidential pardon. But today, nearly four years after the Armistice, eighty-nine men are still confined within prison walls for the sole crime of thinking and saying that the workers of the world had everything to lose and nothing to gain by the continuance of the World War. There is, we are aware, a persistent impression that among the I. W. W. prisoners are men convicted not for opinion but for overt acts of opposition to the government. Such is not the case. The Federal courts themselves have rejected all counts in their indictments save those which allege that the effect of spoken or printed words in opposition to the war was to hinder recruiting or enlistment in our military forces. The Sacramento case evoked no such definite ruling because all but three of the defendants, despairing of justice, made only a silent defense. They were punished for their obduracy after a trial in which the evidence for the prosecution came from discredited spies and from men whose connection with Fickert and Henshaw, the villains of the Mooney case, was established by the Dinsmore report. There is no valid reason in logic or morals why Eugene Debs should today be free while Chaplin, and Thompson, and Doran—to name only three of the I. W. W. prisoners—are behind prison bars.

The lot of the political prisoners is rather worse than that of ordinary felons. At Leavenworth political prisoners who hold responsible positions in prison shops and offices and in the night classes have had to make their way against prejudice by sheer ability. There they are, flaming protagonists of freedom, men who have thought and felt and willed above their fellows, shut up in the drab little world of one of our

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great prisons with its brutality, its all-pervading graft and corruption, its horrible sexual degeneracy. And these idealists, these believers that something in life is to be cherished above physical comfort, await the pleasure of Attorney General Daugherty, lobbyist extraordinary and politician without discoverable principle. This man it is who adds insult to injury by talking of the desirability of an expression of contrition or a promise of reformation from men who seek release not as a matter of grace but of right. To be sure, many sentences have been commuted though the applicants sent no word that could be construed to meet these conditions, but except in the case of Debs the Administration has required individual applications for clemency—applications which sixty-one prisoners refuse to make. They argue that of right all cases stand or fall together; that they have done no wrong and that they will do nothing which by the farthest stretch of the imagination can be twisted into an admission of guilt or a weakening of conviction. Like a Roman political prisoner much honored by Christians, they refuse to be "thrust out privily." Such courage, high spirit, loyalty to conviction, and solidarity of action are a priceless social possession of which this generation stands in peculiar need.

Therefore we hope that the most recent efforts to get a million signers to a petition which a committee of fifty men and women are to present to the President will be crowned with success. Individual letters making the same request will be effective. It is gratifying that there is a steadily increasing sentiment for amnesty. Some kindly folk have been restrained in expressing it for fear of "doing more harm than good." We would simply remind them that the parable of the importunate widow has had many modern applications. Only the other day the Administration which announced that participation in the "Children's Crusade" would delay consideration of the cases dearest to the hearts of the crusaders freed two men whose families were represented in the crusade.

The appeal for amnesty is in part the appeal of sympathy with individuals; it is more largely an appeal for the honor of America and for the vindication of freedom of speech and conscience fundamental in a democracy. It is an appeal that the staunchest supporter of the Great War ought not to ignore. But on some of us who have always believed that America's participation in the war was a futile tragedy the fate of the prisoners must bear with peculiar force. How can we rest in peace if those who spoke our thoughts—crudely perhaps and vehemently but with deep sincerity—remain in prison while we are free?

Mocha Dick

MOBY DICK, the hugest character in American fiction, had his original in a whale which Melville's biographer does not even mention but which must have been known to Moby Dick's. The name of the creature, according to the principal authority, was Mocha Dick, and he was first seen and attacked near the island of Mocha about 1810. For years he resisted capture. "Numerous boats are known to have been shattered by his immense flukes," wrote J. N. Reynolds a dozen years before "Moby Dick" was published, "or ground to pieces in the crash of his powerful jaws; and on one occasion it is said that he came off victorious from a conflict with the crews of three English whalers, striking fiercely at the last of the retreating boats at the moment it was rising from the water in its hoist up to the ship's davits. . . . From the period of Dick's first appearance his celebrity continued to increase, until his name seemed naturally to mingle with the salutations which whalemen were in the habit of exchanging in their encounters upon the broad Pacific, the customary interrogatories almost always closing with 'Any news from Mocha Dick?'"

No wonder that "nearly every whaling captain who rounded Cape Horn, if he possessed any professional ambition, or valued himself on his skill in subduing the monarch of the seas, would lay his vessel along the coast, in the hope of having an opportunity to try the muscle of this doughty champion, who was never known to shun opponents." No wonder, either, that his fame went so far. "From the effect of age, or more probably from a freak of nature, . . . he was white as wool. Instead of projecting his spout obliquely forward, and puffing with a short, convulsive effort, as usual with his species, he flung the water from his nose in a lofty, perpendicular, expanded volume, at regular and somewhat distant intervals; its expulsion producing a continuous roar, like that of vapor struggling from the safety-valve of a powerful steam engine. Viewed from a distance, the practiced eye of the sailor only could decide that the moving mass which constituted this enormous animal was not a white cloud sailing along the horizon."

In time Mocha Dick's back came to be serried with irons which had pierced his mighty hide and his wake was tangled with yards of line which he had broken in his rush or which had been cut off by desperate whalers to keep their boats from being dragged under water. Caution, too, entered that head with the barnacles clustered hard and tight upon it; he learned to present his back to the harpooner and to guard his "small" and the softer area under his fins. But with so many allies against him he finally met his Waterloo. Attacked in his last battle, off the coast of Chile, he charged the boat at the first encounter and frightened the harpooner into missing him and then, on being accused of fear, of plunging into the water to drown himself for chagrin. Later Mocha Dick, who had been keeping out of sight though suspected to be still near the ship, was angered at the attack which the whalers made upon a calf and its mother and again charged them. This time the first mate made a surer stroke and, after a furious struggle, got his victim. "Mocha Dick was the longest whale I ever looked upon. He measured more than seventy feet from his noddle to the tips of his flukes; and yielded one hundred barrels of clear oil, with a proportionate quantity of 'head-matter.'"

This material underwent a great alchemy in Melville's imagination. He would not let his Moby Dick be mortal, but carried him unscathed through his adventures and at the end sent him off, victorious, shouldering the troubled waves with his ancient head. Nor would Melville allow the war against Moby Dick to be the plain war of the hunter and the hunted, but gave his hunter the excuse to chase the whale that the whale had chased him and had bitten off his leg. Nor would Melville allow the story to be conducted on the simple plane of mere adventure, but lifted it up into the regions of allegory and symbolism, added the fury of hot passions, drenched it with poetry and dark mystery, lighted it with irony and satire and comic vividness and vast laughter. It was his genius which made the story of Moby Dick important. Because it is important, the smaller story of Mocha Dick deserves at least a moment's notice.

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Germany, 1922

I. The Political Situation

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Berlin, June 20

HOW to set forth the Germany of today? One needs a canvas of heroic dimensions. For here is a nation once proud and self-satisfied beyond belief, now beaten, humbled, and humiliated like none other in modern history, struggling in the face of terrific odds to maintain itself against foreign oppression, against domestic strife and dissension, against an economic situation without any precedent in history from which to deduce guidance and wisdom. To portray all this in the course of a few magazine pages seems impossible. One needs more than one canvas; one should have a dozen at least to set forth faithfully the contending forces of good and evil upon the outcome of whose struggle depends, far more than all but a few realize, perhaps the fate of Europe for generations to come. It is a titanic contest of a character and magnitude one does not always recognize even in Germany, where one is too near to the struggle to view it as a whole. Then, too, nations decay and sink slowly; even in Russia the change did not come quite overnight. But the menace to Europe is in the German situation; he who does not see it is wilfully blind. I have just returned from a tour of the Succession States and of the Balkans. Ask me about any of their problems and I am inevitably forced to turn back to the German situation and begin my answer by saying: "If you will tell me what is going to happen in Germany . . ."

Can any one portray a country in so perilous a travail as Germany now is and do it justice? A German professor once wrote a book about America which he called "The Land of Unlimited Possibilities." One could write a book on the Germany of today and call it the land of unlimited contradictions. The danger is, of course, that every observer will read in the signs of the times those portents which he wishes to record. Thus if one is a believer in the theory of German original sin and utter damnation one can record many discouraging symptoms which seem to bear out the theories with which the Allied world was regaled during the war years. Assassination of patriots striving to serve their country to the best of their ability, a lack of complete frankness in setting forth the country's plight and stating their own positions, much conspiring to restore the old order and to set up the overthrown ideals, a distinct moral decay—these are some of the things which can be emphasized according to the individual taste and desires of the particular observer, and placed to the debit side. If one should visit Germany and attend only the meetings of the Right and listen only to speeches of the Nationalists one would come away convinced that the Germans have learned nothing from the war. I attended such a meeting in Munich and found myself compelled to declare to an American friend in the audience, an ex-Congressman, that if I felt that the spirit of that meeting was the spirit of the new Germany I should wish to leave at once never to return.

If the visitor should go only to meetings of the Left parties he would certainly come away with any fears as to the stability of the German Republic lulled; he might even be willing to place his faith in the labor unions and the general strike. If one studies the industrial situation as superficially as most tourists do, one comes to the natural conclusion that all Germany is prosperously at work, that every factory is running overtime, that Germany is, industrially speaking, the real victor in the war. But if one looks below the surface one finds unmistakable and ominous signs that the industrial boom has reached its peak; that great industrialists like Hugo Stinnes favor a further depreciation of the mark in order to prevent the cost of production from wiping out the advantage to be gained by the depreciated currency. If that advantage does disappear Germany's plight will become grave overnight, for immediately there will be unemployment, great suffering, and the disorders which Dr. Rathenau and others in the Government have foreseen.[1] Yet French observers insist upon taking the financial statements of German companies, the size of their depreciated paper dividends and their increases in capitalization as proof that Germany is rich and prosperous and is concealing the fact in order to defraud France of the sums to which every one admits she is entitled. So in every direction there are glittering phenomena on the surface of things certain to mislead if one contents oneself with recording them. One must weigh, offset, appraise, ponder, talk with all kinds and conditions of men, and resolve things into their elements in order to visualize correctly, and even then one comes back to the wish that one might simply record the contradictions on facing pages and let the reader make up his mind for himself.

But out of the mass of contradictions, out of the hurly-burly and the travail of sixty millions, certain facts stand out beyond cavil:

Economic Germany is steadily and rapidly going down hill toward Austrian conditions just as Austria is steadily approximating Russian conditions. Her apparent prosperity is not only of a tenuous character, it is at best a burning-up of resources and of capital assets.

The key to the future of Germany has been taken out of the hands of her people and her leaders and rests in Paris; if the present dog-in-the-manger policy of the French continues, Germany will unquestionably collapse and with her will go down not only Austria but France as well. It is preposterously unfair for Germans or outsiders to hold the present German Government responsible for all that is happening in that country when the Government is dominated by foreign commissions and by governments which not only impose their will in all larger affairs but do not hesitate to give orders as to what the color of the uniform of the Berlin police shall be, what railroads Germany may build and what she may not, whether she may construct airships or not. Into every field of activity the Allied control goes at the rate of almost two orders a day, at enormous cost to the Germans and to the steady injury of the Wirth Government in the estimation of its own people.

In the eyes of every unbiased American observer, whether official or unofficial, and of the many men of other nations with whom I have talked there is no doubt that

[1] This article was written before the assassination of Dr. Rathenau.

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there can be no salvation for Germany and no safety for all of Europe until the reparations question is settled on a basis of common sense, justice, and the actual possibilities of the German people. The Versailles treaty must be made a scrap of paper *at once;* there is not a day to be lost, and we must free ourselves in this connection from the thought that this is simply a German or a French problem—*it is a question of saving Europe.* Anyone who denies this has not only been misled by the surface contradictions of the German situation—he is the worst enemy of the French whose true friends are those among her own people and outside her boundaries who seek to make her face the realities of the situation in the belief that if Germany collapses France will pay a terrible price as well and above all will not obtain those large sums which she is of right entitled to and should obtain, not next year but this.

More than that the present Allied policy—due now to the pitiful weakness of Lloyd George who knows what is needed and where the trouble is but lets "I dare not" wait upon "I will" for lack of courage and sound moral principle—is directly playing into the hands of the most reactionary elements in Germany's national life. Both monarchist and communist parties receive aid and inspiration from French sources; the French effort to set up a separate Rhenish republic and to detach Bavaria from the German nation goes on unchecked. The French are determined to get hold of the left bank of the Rhine—as determined as Foch was during the Peace Conference. If the German Republic falls the guilt will be Poincaré's and Lloyd George's, but it will surely be trumpeted abroad as proof of the essential lack of democracy in Germany. That in the face of all this and the growing terrorism in its country the Wirth Government has been able to maintain itself as well as it has is remarkable—so remarkable as to raise the question whether what is indubitably a weak government is not in this emergency better for Germany than one composed of strong men who would resent the domination of the Allies and bring about reprisals and worse feeling than now exists.

Finally I repeat that as Germany goes so goes Europe. Before me lies a speech made by Dr. Benes, the prime minister of Czecho-Slovakia, in Prague on June first, in which, in explanation of certain financial conditions in his country, he cited the conditions in Germany and Austria as a compelling factor in their domestic situation which his critics must not overlook. "It is not," he said, "a question of one government or of one administration of a country but a question of all Europe." This is a commonplace; but as long as the French refuse to recognize its truth, as long as they continue to believe that the bayonets of their Rhine army will protect them against the consequences of an economic collapse in Germany, it will be necessary to belabor this point. More than that, as long as neither London nor Washington will take the lead in directly and deliberately opposing French policy and demanding a different one under penalty of denouncing an Entente which is already as spiritually dead as can be, it becomes necessary to hope and pray for the early financial collapse of France. I talked with a high American official in one of the eight countries I have just visited who is in a position to know better than almost anybody else just what the situation is. While sharing my views as to the darkness of the European outlook he bade me be cheerful because all the reports he got as to France's financial situation compelled the belief that if she did not get large sums this year she would be in serious straits indeed. As the only way to get those large sums is by the proposed loan to Germany which Poincaré blocked, my friend is certain that that loan, and the adjustment of the reparations and of interallied debts which must go with it, will soon be taken up again by the international bankers and carried to a successful conclusion. Upon such a thread hangs the economic safety of Europe!

Difficult as the problem is—particularly so because of this question of international exchange which is playing so much greater a part in the fortunes of mankind than anybody ever dreamed that it could—I have yet to find a well-informed American or Englishman who does not think it capable of solution in comparatively short order if the question could be taken up as a whole and treated as a purely business problem. It requires the sitting down around a table not of statesmen (i.e., politicians with their eyes on the home electorates) but of idealists and business men of the type of Frank Vanderlip, Paul Warburg, Sir George Paish, H. W. Massingham, Marc Sangnier, and others who will know neither enemy nor allies, but will simply treat the entire European situation as an economic whole. They would first of all supply France with immediate financial relief, coupling it with a demand that she disarm immediately; then they would finance Germany and Austria and the lesser states which are in dire need. I suppose that the suggestion will seem to many too idealistic and too simple to be in the range of what is practical. Yet I do not hesitate to put it out because so many better informed persons than myself subscribe to it and because something like this must obviously come about if Europe is to be saved.

I am not as pessimistic as many. I know that the revolutions you expect and the collapses that you foretell usually do not come off at the appointed time. I find the American correspondents here entirely skeptical of a serious movement from the Right in the immediate future. Yet when one finds a large part of Europe still an armed camp, when the horrors of the greatest of struggles are hardly past, it does awaken the profoundest doubts as to the future of Europe to hear men in every country discussing the next war as if it were a matter of course. My pacifist German friends are so alarmed at the rising tide of bitterness against the continued French occupation, and the manners and morals thereof, that they do not hesitate to say that if it continues five years longer the people will rise against the French with their bare hands. These are not enemies of France who say this. One of them is a man who is now widely accused at home of being pro-French. All of them are concerned in the effort to bring Frenchmen of the type of Marc Sangnier to Germany to preach the doctrine of friendship and good-will between the two nations. They do not deny the wrongs of France, they affirm them. They admit that many of the French charges as to secret German conspiracies against France are true; they believe the members of the old German General Staff, who took such precious good care of their skins during the war, are at work underground. Yet they know that the occupation is defeating the aims of the men and women of good-will in both countries, and that the bitterness of feeling in the occupied districts grows by leaps and bounds—our officials in Coblenz and elsewhere are well aware of it. Whereas, as I can testify of my own knowledge, there was no hatred of France in Germany in the winter of 1918-19, even German workingmen who insist that they never want to see another

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war now say "except with France." From her own point of view France's entire policy has been an utter mistake—she has developed a hatred for her in Germany such as never existed in all the centuries of struggle and strife between the two neighboring countries. Never was there a clearer example of the price humanity is paying by its refusal to follow the basic teachings of Jesus, the Christian doctrine. Had France been great enough to have taken a reasonable if not a forgiving attitude and permitted German workers to come into the devastated districts those wasted stretches would long ago have been rebuilt and there would have been laid the foundations of a lasting brotherhood and friendship between these two great countries which have so much to give to each other. The crime of Versailles and the leadership of Clemenceau and Poincaré have prevented.

Under all these circumstances can the present German Government hold itself in power? The Nationalists are perfectly confident that they will take over the government in the fall. But they offer no constructive program. Their opposition is based upon criticism of the unquestioned weakness of the Wirth Government to which I have referred. The masses dislike the fact that their Government always yields, or almost always, to the demands of the Entente. They see that the Allies are entitled to look upon any financial proposal which Wirth puts out with distrust, since whenever the Allies through the Reparation Commission put on the screws, Wirth finds that after all he can do a little bit better than his last offer indicated. In other words the German Government has made the tactical mistake of proceeding as if this reparations matter were like a horse-trade instead of putting down upon a sheet of paper their really final and complete terms, the *ultima ratio,* and standing or falling with them, and the public senses this mistaken policy. Again, as I have already pointed out, the old fatal inability of the German government officials to understand the psychology of other peoples persists. They are without tact and will probably never acquire it and they cannot seem to present their own case to the world at large. Their own people in a degree appreciate this and so are the more ready to give ear to the fault-finding of the Nationalists, who, so far as I can discover, have no definite proposal as to how to get the country out of its financial and international difficulties and have nothing else to suggest but a nebulous return to the old monarchist conditions. They demand the destruction of the present constitution and threaten to try for treason the existing Government and everybody else who took part in the revolution.

If you ask me whether Germany is not deliberately playing for revolution and a dose of bolshevism, I can only answer that there is every evidence that the Wirth Government means to carry out the terms of the treaty to the best of its ability. I do not question its good faith though I, like every other observer, must have doubts as to whether it can maintain itself much longer. Should unemployment come it will be a miracle if there is not serious strife. Then it is true that some men like Stinnes and others—here is another one of those contradictions of the German situation—are deliberately advocating a *Katastrophenpolitik;* they would welcome a dose of bolshevism if it would shake off Allied control and lead to the reenslaving of labor and the reduction of the reparations terms to possible dimensions—such as Mr. Keynes has suggested. But the mass of the German people are more than ready to pay just penalties. There was an extraordinary meeting of welcome to the visiting Frenchmen in Dortmund the other day. The huge audience—about 9,000 strong—composed of workingmen made it quite clear to the visitors that they were willing to work long and hard to rebuild devastated France and pay just reparations—but they added that they were not willing to labor ten hours a day to enable France to maintain a standing army larger by 250,000 men than the Kaiser had. The mass of the people are therefore behind Wirth and Ebert in their readiness to pay just penalties.

The monarchists are, however, making headway not only because of the weakness of the Wirth Government, which, as I have suggested, may be its strength in its foreign relations, but also because of the increase in prices and the cost of living due to the activity of the printing-presses which grind out money and the other elements in the vicious financial circle about which all the continental governments are revolving. Americans ought not to wonder at this. Is it not a royal American habit to hold the party in power responsible if times are bad whether that party is guilty or not? The unthinking, and those of the middle class here who are selling their last possessions in the effort to keep body and soul together, keep saying: "Well, the Kaiser may be a bad lot but we did not have to pay such prices for the necessities of life when he was here." Now, the Government is not only faced with this unrest, it must also soon take a position against the press which openly advocates assassination and the men like Ludendorff who openly urge the overthrow of the republic. I do not know of any harder problem than this for a liberal government. Shall it follow the example of the old monarchies in rigidly suppressing violent criticism of itself and that of the newer era of Lenin in Russia in complete restriction of the press or of our own perverse government under the fake liberal, Wilson, and put on the screws? Or shall it proceed under the old American theory that the greatest safety lies in permitting complete freedom of opposition?

The issue is being clearly presented because, in his recent articles advocating a monarchy for Germany, the reintroduction of universal military service, the abandonment of parliamentarism on the English model, and an immediate "autocratic dictatorship," Ludendorff has gone pretty far. Hindenburg, Mackensen, von der Goltz, the former Grand Duke of Baden and the former Crown Prince of Bavaria (the ablest and most dangerous of the former royal personages and now openly carrying on monarchist propaganda)—all these have been centers of anti-government demonstrations recently. To make martyrs of them would be a great mistake of course. It is also easy to over-assess their power for mischief. Yet I cannot help asking myself whether the Government, especially in view of the attacks upon its members, would not be justified in asking Ludendorff and the Bavarian ex-Crown Prince again to take up their residence abroad as they were so quick to do when the revolution came on—no one can read Ludendorff's book from a detached point of view and not deem him an arrant coward, it seems to me. Certainly it is very hard for an American to observe the attacks of men like these and the general run of Nationalist speakers and believe that they are actuated by a sense of lofty patriotism or an intelligent appreciation of the condition and needs of their country. If there ever was a time when the people of Germany should present a united front and stand solidly behind their honest if weak, and at times

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not over-intelligent, Government it is surely now when they are so sorely oppressed by the foreign commissions that daily waste huge sums which ought to go to France for reparations and interfere in the independence of Germany quite as if determined not only to pull down Germany but the pillars of European civilization as well. One could think a great deal better of present-day Germany if there were not so many Germans seeking to exploit her present misery for their personal gain. True patriotism would suggest a suspension of partisan activity, for the present paths of the critics lead truly not to glory but to the grave. If strife comes it will be the murder of brothers in the most desperate of civil wars and it will lead nowhere. For the final truth is that until the economic situation is cured no German government can do else than live from day to day, and the control of those economic conditions lies not in the hands of Germans who are now or may happen three months hence to be in power; it rests in Paris and London and, in the last resort, in Washington.

So Germany has years of political travail ahead of her and without doubt would have to go through the deeps if Allied pressure were to be taken off to-morrow. For she is paying the price now for the sins of the old regime, especially those of Bismarck, whose whole policy was to prevent the rise of "dangerous" independent men in the Parliament and to restrict all high official positions to insiders and men of wealth and title—was not the unspeakable Zimmermann the first bourgeois ever to become foreign minister? The political meetings I have attended here have been sophomoric in their eloquence, their volubility of denunciation of everybody else, and their handling of grave national problems. It will take decades under the most favorable circumstances for Germans to learn to be citizens of a republic—but so would it be with any other people which had been cursed with so undemocratic a governmental system as the Germans owe to the narrowness and the autocratic political conceptions of Bismarck. "The evil that men do lives after them. . . ."

The Faith of the American Negro*

By MORDECAI WYATT JOHNSON

SINCE their emancipation from slavery the masses of American Negroes have lived by the strength of a simple but deeply moving faith. They have believed in the love and providence of a just and holy God; they have believed in the principles of democracy and in the righteous purpose of the Federal Government; and they have believed in the disposition of the American people as a whole and in the long run to be fair in all their dealings.

In spite of disfranchisement and peonage, mob violence and public contempt, they have kept this faith and have allowed themselves to hope with the optimism of Booker T. Washington that in proportion as they grew in intelligence, wealth, and self-respect they should win the confidence and esteem of their fellow white Americans, and should gradually acquire the responsibilities and privileges of full American citizenship.

In recent years, and especially since the Great War, this simple faith has suffered a widespread disintegration. When the United States Government set forth its war aims, called upon Negro soldiers to stand by the colors and Negro civilians, men, women, and children, to devote their labor and earnings to the cause, and when the war shortage of labor permitted a quarter million Negroes to leave the former slave States for the better conditions of the North, the entire Negro people experienced a profound sense of spiritual release. For the first time since emancipation they found themselves comparatively free to sell their labor on the open market for a living wage, found themselves launched on a great world enterprise with a chance to vote in a real and decisive way, and, best of all, in the heat of the struggle they found themselves bound with other Americans in the spiritual fellowship of a common cause.

When they stood on the height of this exalted experience and looked down on their pre-war poverty, impotence, and spiritual isolation, they realized as never before the depth of the harm they had suffered, and there arose in them a mighty hope that in some way the war would work a change in their situation. For a time indeed it seemed that their hope would be realized. For when the former slave States saw their labor leaving for the North, they began to reflect upon the treatment they had been accustomed to give the Negro, and they decided that it was radically wrong. Newspapers and public orators everywhere expressed this change of sentiment, set forth the wrongs in detail, and urged immediate improvement. And immediate improvement came. Better educational facilities were provided here and there, words of appreciation for the worth and spirit of the Negro as a citizen began to be uttered, and public committees arose to inquire into his grievances and to lay out programs for setting these grievances right. The colored people in these States had never experienced such collective good-will, and many of them were so grateful and happy that they actually prayed for the prolongation of the war.

At the close of the war, however, the Negro's hopes were suddenly dashed to the ground. Southern newspapers began at once to tell the Negro soldiers that the war was over and the sooner they forgot it the better. "Pull off your uniform," they said, "find the place you had before the war, and stay in it." "Act like a Negro should act," said one newspaper, "work like a Negro should work, talk like a Negro should talk, study like a Negro should study. Dismiss all ideas of independency or of being lifted up to the plane of the white man. Understand the necessity of keeping a Negro's place." In connection with such admonitions there came the great collective attacks on Negro life and property in Washington, Chicago, Omaha, Elaine, and Tulsa. There came also the increasing boldness of lynchers who advertised their purposes in advance and had their photographs taken around the burning bodies of their victims. There came vain appeals by the colored people to the President of the United States and to the houses of Congress. And finally there came the reorganization and rapid growth of the Ku Klux Klan.

The swift succession and frank brutality of all this was more than the Negro people could bear. Their simple faith

*An address delivered as one of the three Commencement Parts at Harvard University Commencement, June 22.

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and hope broke down. Multitudes took weapons in their hands and fought back violence with bloody resistance. "If we must die," they said, "it is well that we die fighting." And the Negro American world, looking on their deed with no light of hope to see by, said: "It is self-defense; it is the law of nature, of man, and of God; and it is well."

From those terrible days until this day the Negro's faith in the righteous purpose of the Federal Government has sagged. Some have laid the blame on the parties in power. Some have laid it elsewhere. But all the colored people, in every section of the United States, believe that there is something wrong, and not accidentally wrong, at the very heart of the Government.

Some of our young men are giving up the Christian religion, thinking that their fathers were fools to have believed it so long. One group among us repudiates entirely the simple faith of former days. It would put no trust in God, no trust in democracy, and would entertain no hope for betterment under the present form of government. It believes that the United States Government is through and through controlled by selfish capitalists who have no fundamental good-will for Negroes or for any sort of laborers whatever. In their publications and on the platform the members of this group urge the colored man to seek his salvation by alliance with the revolutionary labor movement of America and the world.

Another and larger group among us believes in religion and believes in the principles of democracy, but not in the white man's religion and not in the white man's democracy. It believes that the creed of the former slave States is the tacit creed of the whole nation, and that the Negro may never expect to acquire economic, political, and spiritual liberty in America. This group has held congresses with representatives from the entire Negro world, to lay the foundations of a black empire, a black religion, and a black culture; it has organized the provisional Republic of Africa, set going a multitude of economic enterprises, instituted branches of its organization wherever Negroes are to be found, and binds them together with a newspaper ably edited in two languages.

Whatever one may think of these radical movements and their destiny, one thing is certain: they are home-grown fruits, with roots deep sprung in a world of black American suffering. Their power lies in the appeal which they make to the Negro to find a way out of his trouble by new and self-reliant paths. The larger masses of the colored people do not belong to these more radical movements. They retain their belief in the Christian God, they love their country, and hope to work out their salvation within its bounds. But they are completely disillusioned. They see themselves surrounded on every hand by a sentiment of antagonism which does not intend to be fair. They see themselves partly reduced to peonage, shut out from labor unions, forced to an inferior status before the courts, made subjects of public contempt, lynched and mobbed with impunity, and deprived of the ballot, their only means of social defense. They see this antagonistic sentiment consolidated in the places of power in the former slave States and growing by leaps and bounds in the North and West. They know that it is gradually reducing them to an economic, political, and social caste. And they are now no longer able to believe with Dr. Booker T. Washington, or with any other man, that their own efforts after intelligence, wealth, and self-respect can in any wise avail to deliver them from these conditions unless they have the protection of a just and beneficent public policy in keeping with American ideals. With one voice, therefore, from pulpit and from press, and from the humblest walks of life, they are sending up a cry of pain and petition such as is heard today among the citizens of no other civilized nation in the world. They are asking for the protection of life, for the security of property, for the liberation of their peons, for the freedom to sell their labor on the open market, for a human being's chance in the courts, for a better system of public education, and for the boon of the ballot. They ask, in short, for public equality under the protection of the Federal Government.

Their request is sustained by every sentiment of humanity and by every holy ideal for which this nation stands. The time has come when the elemental justice called for in this petition should be embodied in a public policy initiated by the Federal Government and continuously supervised by a commission of that Government representing the faith and will of the whole American people.

The Negro people of America have been with us here for three hundred years. They have cut our forests, tilled our fields, built our railroads, fought our battles, and in all of their trials until now they have manifested a simple faith, a grateful heart, a cheerful spirit, and an undivided loyalty to the nation that has been a thing of beauty to behold. Now they have come to the place where their faith can no longer feed on the bread of repression and violence. They ask for the bread of liberty, of public equality, and public responsibility. It must not be denied them.

We are now sufficiently far removed from the Civil War and its animosities to see that such elemental justice may be given to the Negro with entire good-will and helpfulness toward the former slave States. We have already had one long attempt to build a wealth and culture on the backs of slaves. We found that it was a costly experiment, paid for at last with the blood of our best sons. There are some among our citizens who would turn their backs on history and repeat that experiment, and to their terrible heresy they would convert our entire great community. By every sacred bond of love for them we must not yield, and we must no longer leave them alone with their experiment. The faith of our whole nation must be brought to their support until such time as it is clear to them that their former slaves can be made both fully free and yet their faithful friends.

Across the seas the darker peoples of the earth are rising from their long sleep and are searching this Western world for light. Our Christian missionaries are among them. They are asking these missionaries: Can the Christian religion bind this multi-colored world in bonds of brotherhood? We of all nations are best prepared to answer that question, and to be their moral inspiration and their friend. For we have the world's problem of race relationships here in crucible; and by strength of our American faith we have made some encouraging progress in its solution. If the fires of this faith are kept burning around that crucible, what comes out of it is able to place these United States in the spiritual leadership of all humanity. When the Negro cries with pain from his deep hurt and lays his petition for elemental justice before the nation, he is calling upon the American people to kindle anew about the crucible of race relationships the fires of American faith.

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Who Corrupts Our Politics?

An Inquiry Based on the Secret Records of One Transit Company

By M. H. HEDGES

IT is but eighteen years since Lincoln Steffens wrote "The Shame of the Cities." Less than a generation ago the great muckrakers, Steffens, Russell, Sam Adams, C. P. Connolly, Tarbell, and in his own way, Howe, rode out confidently on their solitary crusades bent on interpreting prewar America to itself. Yet we have come to think of those journalists and their reforms as remote. Crusading has been halted—at least it is no longer done in the grand manner. Not from the war alone has the impairment of its vitality come, but from the slowness of fundamental reform movement to effect permanent results. Almost invariably the "old gang" has come back, wearing new suits of clothes, perhaps, but still the same. The people have in consequence suffered a loss of faith in the adequacy of reform. Political inertia has followed inevitably.

This year Steffens, with his old magnetism intact and his enthusiasm undimmed, returning over the trail made notable by "The Shame of the Cities" revisited Minneapolis. In a newspaper interview he remarked (I quote from memory): "I was mistaken when I wrote The Shame of Minneapolis. I was under the spell of dominant American psychology. I was filled with the unwise theory of the 'good and bad man in politics.' Men don't make any difference. Put a good man in office and the currents of graft and boodle flow to him, or past him to his political master, with the same inevitability as if he were a bad man." Then with his customary charm he added, "I apologize to Minneapolis." He expressed not only individual but mass disillusionment. The reform movement in America has forsaken the "good-and-bad-man theory in politics." But is the assumption correct that a change of system, a revision of the rules of the game, implied in Steffens's foregoing statement, will bring efficiency and honor back to the administration of American cities?

When Steffens wrote The Shame of Minneapolis in *McClure's* in 1904 he told the story of "Doc" Ames, mayor, the old type of political boss, elected to public office, and exploiting that office for private gain. It was an exposé of a sordid system of police graft, duplicated in every city. Speaking of his disclosures, a few months afterwards, Steffens wrote:

> After the Minneapolis grand jury had exposed and the courts had tried and the common juries had convicted the grafters there, an election showed that public opinion was formed. But that one election was regarded as final. When I went there the men who had led the reform movement were "all through." After they had read The Shame of Minneapolis, however, they went back to work and perfected a plan to keep the citizens informed, and to continue the fight for good government.

That was in 1904. In 1908—only four years later—the directors of the Twin City Rapid Transit Company, a New Jersey corporation owning and controlling the city lines of Minneapolis and St. Paul, met in New York City and passed the following resolution:

> *Resolved*, That two hundred and fifty thousand dollars ($250,000) of the accumulated surplus of the company be transferred to a special reserve fund to care for such extraordinary outlays as may have to be incurred for purposes other than operating expenses, such as defending attacks upon the company's franchise and for discounts on bonds.

The company's franchise with the city of Minneapolis did not terminate until 1923. No details as to the nature of the expenditures to stave off attacks upon the company's franchise are shown in the secret minute books of the company. But to whom some of the subsequent extraordinary expenditures, mounting to hundreds of thousands, went, is shown in later entries. Before examining the history of this public-service corporation one should hear briefly something of the events which led up to the publication of the s cret records showing the company's influence upon public business. As the climax of the company's efforts to stave off "attacks upon its franchise"—begun in 1908—the Brooks-Coleman bill was passed by the State legislature in 1921. This act, described by the company as taking the car lines "out of city hall politics," gave control of the lines to the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission, and abolished the franchise under which the company had operated for almost fifty years. Two skirmishes, stubbornly fought between company and city, preceded the enactment of this bill. In 1915, as part of its plan to get a new contract for the use of the city's streets, the company went to the legislature and secured the passage of an enabling act empowering the city council with the authority to refer the question of street-car franchises to the voters in a special election. Soon after, there appeared upon the scene the Central Franchise League, an organization of representative citizens, formed to study the question of valuation and to make recommendations in reference to franchises.

In the summer of 1919 the city attorney of Minneapolis presented to the council a cost-of-service franchise. Sixteen members of the city council—out of twenty-six—straightway approved the proposed contract. Immediately the company indorsed it. Not long after it also received the indorsement of the "leading" manufacturing, milling, and banking heads in the city, among them Hovey C. Clarke, the central figure in Lincoln Steffens's chronicle of 1904. The mayor of the city, however, backed by the solid opposition of labor and the liberals, led by a keen lawyer, George B. Leonard, objected. He flung the epithet of "sixteen gray wolves" at the assenting councilmen, and moved into court to test the legality of the enabling act of 1915. He was beaten in the district court, and finally in the supreme court. The council ordered a special election. There followed one of those long, bitter, devastating campaigns when the energy of every civic force is brought into play, which leaves a city divided into two hostile camps. From August to December the spokesmen for the company, and the spokesmen for the city, met in almost daily debate. The fight ended with a defeat of the proposed franchise.

The passage of the Brooks-Coleman bill following this struggle seemed to Minneapolis, to every liberal citizen at least, an act of peculiarly bad faith. The bill abrogated the principle of home rule adopted by the city the year previous. In view of the three months' struggle in the legislature, in view of the fact that the bill passed in the house by the

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margin of only three votes, credence was given to the charge of the minority leader that bribes had been offered to legislators, including himself.

One section of the new trolley-control law, however, written into it as a concession to the opposition, forced the transit company to pay for the cost of valuating car property by the city should the city choose to go before the commission and demand a revision of rates. More important in its bearing on this chronicle the law provided that the city should have access to all the records of the company. The cost-of-service franchise fight drew a back-fire from the public. The solid front of the "faithful sixteen" was pierced at the next election. Four aldermen who had stood with the company were swept out of the council; others refused to go before the voters. A new council faced the task of guarding the city's rights in its contest with the public service corporation. At once the city moved to test the new trolley-control act.

The council brought Delos F. Wilcox, author of "The Electric Railway Problem," former deputy commissioner of water supply, New York City, to Minneapolis to make a valuation of the car company's property, preliminary to making petition for a lower fare. Mr. Wilcox began work in August, 1921. For three months the city's expert was engaged in estimating the physical property of the Minneapolis Street Railway Company. All the books and records of the local company were placed in his hands. Upon the books of the Minneapolis company, a subsidiary of the Twin City Rapid Transit Company, he found an opening balance of $12,800,000 wholly unexplained. In order to uncover the origin and content of this large sum he asked for the records of the holding company.

Officers and directors of the company flatly refused the request on the ground that the books were not pertinent. The city went into court, fought for eight days against every artifice that astute corporation lawyers could devise, and succeeded in winning a court order giving it access to the coveted records. Through this order, carrying a contempt penalty, the city was taken behind the scenes and given for the first time a glimpse of the secret operations of the corporation which had done business on its streets for nearly fifty years.

Mr. Wilcox's report on the "unusual contingency fund" of the Twin City Rapid Transit Company was given to the public, by order of the city council, early in June. It covered about forty-five typewritten pages, carrying with it excerpts from the secret minute books of the corporation, which were brought from Jersey City by court order. The report showed that $2,049,597 of the total of $27,000,000 taken in profits from car riders since 1900 had not been divided among stockholders, but had been devoted to extraordinary purposes. Of this sum, $574,523, drawn from the fund, was devoted to purposes described on the company's minute books as "publicity" or "incidental" and by Mr. Wilcox as "nature of expenditures not shown," or "details not given."

The report created unusual excitement. It derived especial significance from the fact that it met with figures what was already in solution in the public mind, vividly deposited there by past battles with the corporation. It fell with percussive impact. Deadly parallels were at once cited, coincidences were discerned. The two names seized upon by the public with greatest interest were those of E. E. Smith of Minneapolis and R. T. O'Connor of St. Paul. Smith was credited with the sum of $41,000 in yearly payments from 1916 to 1921, and O'Connor with $20,000 over the same period. If the names of the late Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania or of Richard Croker in New York were found on the secret minute books of the United States Steel Corporation they could not cause a greater upheaval of public opinion than did the names of Smith and O'Connor in Minnesota.

"Ed" Smith has been the unofficial head of the Republican State machine and "Dick" O'Connor of the Democratic State machine for more than twenty years. They are bosses of the American type, genial, loyal to friends and ruthless to enemies, and meticulously observant of the "get-on-the-party band-wagon" philosophy. They are credited with exercising joint control of the city councils of the Twin Cities and of the State legislature. Smith was called by Theodore Roosevelt "a second Penrose," and from progressive Republicans in Minnesota he has lately won the nickname of "Governor Preus's Colonel House."

The public saw on the long list of beneficiaries of the "unusual contingency fund" the record of three bank deposits. In 1915 when the enabling act was being enacted by the State legislature the sum of $35,341 was placed in the Capital National Bank in St. Paul. In 1919, during the cost-of-service franchise campaign from August to December, $147,000 was deposited in the American Exchange National Bank, New York City. In 1920 and 1921, during the campaign for the enactment of the Brooks-Coleman bill, $80,000 was deposited in the same bank. These banks, it became known, were not the regular seats of deposit for the company. The minute books related that in March, 1921,

> President Lowry informed the board as to the progress that has been made in an effort to have the legislature pass a bill placing street railways in this State under the jurisdiction of the Railroad and Warehouse Commission and at the same time preserve proper and reasonable control for the municipality. A copy of the bill now pending in the legislature was presented and discussed, and it was the sense of the board that the officers of the company should continue their efforts to have such a bill passed.

Three months later, the minute books again relate:

> On motion duly made, seconded, and adopted, it was resolved that the sum of thirty thousand dollars ($30,000) be transferred from profit and loss to the credit of the miscellaneous fund reserve.

Attention of the public was directed, too, toward the name of a former alderman who during the years from 1914 to 1919 received $15,240. Two members of the Central Franchise League, who had been known as radicals, who changed their minds over night about the cost-of-service franchise, in particular about the high valuation of $24,000,000 claimed by the company, were credited with $15,000 and $2,600 respectively. A former publisher of the *Minneapolis Tribune* received $8,000. The secretary of the *Minneapolis Journal* company was credited with $1,000. When the *Journal* published the complete Wilcox report, *minus the excerpts from the minute books*, it explained that the sum was for payment of a campaign for the "prevention of industrial accidents."

Upon the list of extraordinary expenditures appeared the name of former Governor J. A. A. Burnquist for $500 in 1917. "Nature of service not shown." The name of George B. Lockwood is credited with the sum of $2,000. The Minneapolis Directory shows no George B. Lockwood residing in the city. "Who's Who" shows George B. Lockwood as editor of the *National Republican*, Washington. George H. Sullivan, a State senator, who supported the Brooks-

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Coleman bill, received the sum of $24,000 from the years 1916 to 1919. Mr. Sullivan is an attorney. Besides these principal items entries ranging from $1 to $80,000 were credited to various officers and directors of the corporation in addition to their regular salaries. "Nature of services not shown."

Mr. Wilcox charged in his report that the Twin City Rapid Transit Company had "in its chosen role of financial godmother" spent "surplus earnings in part in foolish ways, or in ways inimical to the public interest." But Horace Lowry, president of the company, though he did not deny that money had been used for political purposes, disclaimed all "wrongfulness" and declared the "attack upon the company is apparently a move by radicals to create prejudice just prior to the coming primary elections."

The student of public affairs is forced to consider the reaction of the public the important element in the foregoing episode. Are the implications in the investigation salient enough to lead "good citizens," "respectable persons" —teachers, preachers, business men, lawyers, the directors and officials of the car company itself—to think differently about the relations of public and private business? If they do then it may be presumed that there is a chance that a change of system, or a revision of the rules under which public service corporations operate, may bring back efficiency and honesty to the administration of both public utilities and city governments. To date not one "respectable" voice has been raised against the acts of the car company. It is notable since the report was first published that not one of the three conservative papers has printed "follows"* on the investigation. There are indications that the company has defenders. The *Minneapolis Journal* says:

> The attempt to play politics with the report instead of playing business with it is the real menace. . . . It is unfortunate that the city's expert should interject into the discussion the matter of items because of the great harm that can follow, unless wisdom prevails, to the city and to the innocent holders of stock in the Twin City Rapid Transit Company. . . . If there are improper payments on the records running back over twenty-five years it is the representatives of the people who have taken the money improperly. . . . If the expert is wise, he will present the situation and stop this long line of bicker which is not getting anywhere, and which is destroying the property and causing unnecessary loss to innocent stockholders.

To the student of public affairs there is as yet little evidence that, as Steffens once hoped, "the shameful facts, spread out in all their shame, will break through our civic shamefulness and set fire to American pride." On the other hand, there is evidence that since Steffens exposed "Doc" Ames's administration of boodle and graft, big-business interests have succeeded in clothing themselves in imperious moral authority. Until this moral authority is seen for exactly what it is there is little hope for any fundamental reform.

* This article was written ten days after the publication of Mr. Wilcox's report.

Contributors to This Issue

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Are You Alive?

By STUART CHASE

I HAVE often been perplexed by people who talk about "life." They tend to strike an attitude, draw a deep breath, and wave their hands—triumphantly but somehow vaguely. Americans they tell me do not know how to live, but the French—ah, the French!—or the Hungarians, or the Poles, or the Patagonians. When I ask them what they mean by life they look at me with pitying silence for the most part, so that their long thin eyes haunt me. Sometimes they say: "Life is the next emotion. . . . Life is—well, you know what Shaw says. . . . Life is a continual becoming." Unfortunately this is all Babu to me. These people do not advance me an inch in my quest of the definition of life.

Edgar Lee Masters is more helpful. In Spoon River he tells of a woman who dies at the age of ninety-six. She speaks of her hard yet happy existence on the farm, in the woods by the river gathering herbs, among the neighbors. "It takes life to love life," she says in a ringing climax. This is cryptic, but I get a flood of meaning from it.

What does it mean to be alive, to live intensely? What do social prophets mean when they promise a new order of life? Obviously they cannot mean a new quality of life never before enjoyed by anyone, but rather an extension of vitality for the masses of mankind in those qualities of "life" which have hitherto been enjoyed only by a few individuals normally, or by large numbers of individuals rarely.

What is it which is enjoyed, and how is it to be shared more extensively? Behind the phrase and the gesture, can we catch the gleam of verihood and hold life on a point for a moment while we examine it?

Initially, we must differentiate between "life" in the sense of not being physically dead, and "life" in the sense of awareness and vitality. Obviously everybody who is not dead is alive—"lives" in a sense. And all experience of undead people is a part of life in its broadest interpretation. But there seems to be an ascending scale of values in life, and somewhere in this scale there is a line—probably a blurred one—below which one more or less "exists," and above which one more or less "lives."

Secondly, we must examine the distinction that is drawn between physical and mental living. While this distinction is of no consequence so far as the joy of living is concerned, it is of profound consequence so far as the technique of progress is concerned. If all well-being proceeds from a state of mind with little reference to physical environment, it is evident that all people have to do is to create well-being mentally—to think "life." If well-being on the other hand proceeds primarily from physical causes, it is necessary to clean up slums, produce more usable goods and distribute them more widely, broaden the arts, look into eugenics, establish comprehensive systems of sanitation, release the creative impulse, and what not. Here we collide with a problem which is destined to agitate the race for centuries to come. Probably both approaches have their place, but I for one would stress the engineer against the metaphysician.

What, concretely, is this "awareness," this "well-being"? These words are short-hand words, meaningless in themselves unless we know the long-hand facts for which they are a symbol. I want in a rather personal way to tell you

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the facts as I have found them. I want to tell you when I think I live in contradistinction to when I think I "exist." I want to make life very definite in terms of my own experience, for in matters of this nature about the only source of data one has is oneself. I do not know what life means to other people—I can only guess—but I do know what it means to me, and I have worked out a method of measuring it.

I get out of bed in the morning, bathe, dress, fuss over a necktie, hurry down to breakfast, gulp coffee and headlines, demand to know where my raincoat is, start for the office—and so forth. These are the crude data. Take the days as they come, put a plus beside the living hours and a minus beside the dead ones; find out just what makes the live ones live and the dead ones die. Can we catch the verihood of life in such an analysis? The poet will say no, but I am an accountant and only write poetry out of hours.

My notes show a classification of eleven states of being in which I feel I am alive, and five states in which I feel I only exist. These are major states, needless to say. In addition I find scores of sub-states which come from Heaven knows where and are too obscure for me to analyze. The eleven "plus" reactions are these:

I seem to live when I am creating something—writing this article for instance; making a sketch, working on an economic theory, building a bookshelf, making a speech.

Art certainly vitalizes me. A good novel—"The Growth of the Soil," for instance—some poems, some pictures, operas (not concerts), many beautiful buildings and particularly bridges affect me as though I took the artist's blood into my own veins. But I do not only have to be exposed to get this reaction. The operation is more subtle, for there are times when a curtain falls over my perceptions which no artist can penetrate.

In spite of those absurd Germans who used to perspire over Alpine passes shouting "Co-lo-sall!," I admit that mountains and the sea and stars and things—all the old subjects of a thousand poets—renew life in me. As in the case of art, the process is not automatic—I hate the sea sometimes—but by and large the chemistry works, and I feel the line of existence below me when I see these things.

Love, underneath its middle-class manners, and its frequent hypocrisies, is life, vital and intense. Very real to me also is the love one bears one's friends.

I feel very much alive in the presence of a genuine sorrow.

I live when I am stimulated by good conversation, good argument. There is a sort of vitality in just dealing in ideas that to me at least is very real.

I live when I am in the presence of danger—rock-climbing, or being shadowed by an agent of the Department of Justice.

I live when I play—preferably out-of-doors. Such things as diving, swimming, skating, skiing, dancing, sometimes driving a motor, sometimes walking. . . .

One lives when one takes food after genuine hunger, or when burying one's lips in a cool mountain spring after a long climb.

One lives when one sleeps. A sound healthy sleep after a day spent out-of-doors gives one the feeling of a silent, whirring dynamo. In vivid dreams I am convinced one lives.

I live when I laugh—spontaneously and heartily.

These are the eleven states of well-being which I have checked off from the hours of my daily life. Observe they only represent causes for states of being which I accept as "life." The definition of what that state of being is in itself—the physical and mental chemistry of it, the feeling of expansion, of power, of happiness, or whatever it may be that it is—cannot be attempted at this point. The Indian says: "Those who tell do not know. Those who know do not tell." I deal here only in definite states of being which I recognize by some obscure but infallible sign as "life." *Why* I know it, or what it is, intrinsically, cannot be told.

In contradistinction to "living," I find five main states of "existence," as follows:

I exist when I am doing drudgery of any kind—adding up figures, washing dishes, writing formal reports, answering most letters, attending to money matters, reading newspapers, shaving, dressing, riding on street cars, or up and down in elevators, buying things.

I exist when attending the average social function. The whole scheme of middle-class manners bores me—a tea, a dinner, a call on one's relatives, listening to dull people talk, being polite, discussing the weather, going to church.

Eating, drinking, or sleeping when one is already replete, when one's senses are dulled, are states of existence, not life. For the most part I exist when I am ill, but occasionally pain gives me a lucidity of thought which is near to life.

Old scenes, old monotonous things—city walls, too familiar streets, houses, rooms, furniture, clothes—drive one to the existence level. Even a scene that is beautiful to fresh eyes may grow intolerably dull. Sheer ugliness, such as one sees in the stockyards or in a city slum, depresses me intensely.

I retreat from life when I become angry. I feel all my handholds slipping. It is as though I were a deep-sea diver in a bell of compressed air. I exist through rows and misunderstandings and in the blind alleys of "getting even."

So in a general way I locate my line and set life off from existence. It must be admitted of course that "living" is often a mental state quite independent of physical environment or occupation. One may feel—in springtime for instance—suddenly alive in old, monotonous surroundings. Then even dressing and dishwashing become eventful and one sings as one shaves. But these outbursts are on the whole abnormal. By and large there seems to be a definite cause for living and a definite cause for existing. So it is with me at any rate. I am not at the mercy of a blind fate in this respect. I believe that I could deliberately "live" twice as much—in hours—as I do now, if only I could come out from under the chains of an artificial necessity—largely economic—which bind me.

I have indeed made some estimates of the actual time I have spent above and below the "existence" line. For instance, let me analyze a week I spent in the city during the past fall—an ordinary busy week of one who works at a desk. Of the 168 hours contained therein my notes show that I only "lived" about forty of them, or 25 per cent of the total time. This allowed for some creative work, a Sunday's hike, some genuine hunger, some healthy sleep, a little stimulating reading, two acts of a play, part of a moving picture, and eight hours of interesting discussion with various friends, including one informal talk on the technique of industrial administration which stimulated me profoundly.

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Twenty-five per cent is not a very high life ratio, although if I may be permitted to guess, I guess it is considerably over the average of that of my fellow Americans. It is extremely doubtful if my yearly average is any higher than that which obtained in this representative week. Some weeks—in vacation time, or when the proportion of creative work is high—may be individually better, but the never-ceasing grind of income-getting, and the never-ceasing obscenity of city dwelling, undermine too ruthlessly the hope of a higher average ratio.

I can conceive of a better ratio in another social order. In such a society I do not see why one should not have the opportunity to do creative work at least three hours a day—allowing two hours for the inevitable drudgery—nor why I should not be out-of-doors playing for two or three hours a day; nor why I should not have a great deal more opportunity than I do now to hear good music, and go to good plays, and see good pictures; while reading, discussion, being with one's friends, sound sleep, and the salt of danger should all have an increased share of my time. I do not see why I should not laugh a lot more in that society. Adding these possibilities up—I will not bother you with the mathematical details—the total shows some one hundred hours, or a life ratio of 60 per cent as against the 25 per cent which is now my portion.

If this is true of me, it may be true of you, of many others perhaps. It may be that the states of being which release life in me release it in most human beings. But this I know and to this I have made up my mind: my salvation is too closely bound up with that of all mankind to hope for any great personal advance. In the last analysis—despite much beating against the bars—my ratio of living can only grow with that of the mass of my fellow-men.

In the Driftway

CONCERNING middle names and initials, some ebullition in regard to which disturbed this column recently, the following letter has been received from a reader in Washington:

I appreciate your attempt to abolish middle names, or rather middle initials, but I'm afraid it is a wasted effort. I have only one given name and it is Carl, but, excepting my immediate friends, about one letter in four which I receive endows me with a middle initial. I have received letters addressed Carl F., Carl H., Carl K., Carl O., Carl P., Carl S., Carl V., and Carl W. Carl H. seems to be the favorite, but Carl W. runs a close second.

* * * * *

ACCORDING to certain advertisers of a certain well-known and much-patronized industry, Nero's royal consort, the Empress Poppaea, was far from being what she should be. Besides inventing milk baths and forcing the Emperor to kill his own mother (thus being the sponsor for the original mother-in-law joke), she indulged in all sorts of death-dealing whims and noxious fancies. "But," says the advertisement, "there was one thing she would not do—she refused to bob her hair at Nero's request." Now, the Drifter maintains that if Nero had been as clever as he is reputed to have been wicked he would have said to her, "Poppy, my dear, I'm so glad you are sensible enough to decline to be the slave of fashion. I see all the young women on the Appian Way have bobbed their hair and I'm gratified to see that my wife is a womanly woman and prefers to wear her Crowning Glory as her Creator intended it should be worn." After which the royal barber would have been summoned and Poppaea shorn of her golden locks without further delay. It is just possible, however, that Nero was clever. It may be that he hated bobbed hair after all, and knew that urging Poppaea to cut hers off would be the only way of keeping it on.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is always willing to give every sex, no matter which one it may be, its day in court, and while he is on the subject of hair he may as well pass on the remark of a lady whose own hair length has nothing to do with the case. "Why," said she, "do men insist on having their hair cut so obnoxiously short in the summer time? It can't be for the sake of coolness because they haven't ever enough hair to make them too hot, and it certainly is not becoming. But just as soon as the weather turns warm every man I know runs to the barber and refuses to come out until he has a white band around his head from ear to ear and just enough hair on top to make a good brush for vegetables. Do you know why?" Now, of course the Drifter does know why but he found it difficult to explain. He can only suggest Nero's probable system as a remedy. If each wife would say to each husband, "My angel, I do hope you are going to have your head shaved this summer. It is so becoming and all the men are doing it," who knows what would happen then?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mother Jones Among the Twelve

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I nominate Mother Jones for *The Nation's* list of the twelve greatest American women? If we believe that organizing the wage-earners and bringing them into consciousness of their dignity as human beings with something to say about the conditions of their own lives is a job of first-rate importance, then she certainly belongs. Many have a false picture of her as a vulgar old woman, a violent and irresponsible agitator. Even some of her associates in the United Mine Workers have not been above spreading this impression, because she has always been as quick to attack venal labor leaders as to arouse workmen out of supine acquiescence in injustice. Her method has been always to denounce her audiences of workmen and to place the blame for their troubles squarely on their own shoulders. She has preached the stamina and self-reliance of the old-time America, and her message has been constructive and wise, not merely inflammatory. She has never lost sight of our common humanity. She has marched up to a machine-gun and talked to the professional gunmen behind it until they became ashamed and quit their jobs. Her shrewdness and wisdom and courage and sincerity have impressed Presidents and Governors. She has gone to jail times without number. She has never surrendered to bitterness. She has been, at past 80, an inspiration to those who were trying to bring a new spirit into the American labor movement, to take it from the control of selfish politicians interested only in the immediate advantage of relatively small groups of skilled workmen. During the war she went to West Virginia and took a major part in organizing 15,000 coal miners. When a union which she had previously organized fell into the control of a rascal she went to the headquarters town, confronted the dishonest official, denounced him before the miners, and forced him to resign. Love and tenderness are as warm in her as her courage. The small

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salary which for years she has received from the United Mine Workers goes, what she can spare from her simple living, to the needy and the defense of workingmen unjustly accused. She is loved and venerated in ten thousand humble homes. Her life is an epic and it is the shame of American writers that it has never been told. She is a great woman, unsung because of our tradition of cheap gentility.

Sausalito, California, July 1 GEORGE P. WEST

Amherst's Liberalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I opened my eyes in some surprise at seeing Amherst designated a liberal college on the cover of *The Nation* of June 21, but on reading attentively Mr. Price's article I find nothing therein leading me to infer that the tendency to liberalism was less pronounced, or expressions of opinions and convictions less free, in the undergraduate body of the Amherst of forty years ago than they are among the students there today. "Liberal" strikes me as being one of the last adjectives to be fittingly applied to Amherst College—and the same criticism, of course, can be made of most of the old New England colleges—an institution whose students are compelled to go to church and attend chapel exercises, whose doors are not open to the boys' sisters, where the reverence is so deep for that absurd fetich of distinctions and prizes for scholarship and other excellences, among faculty and students alike. Although I have been away from Amherst many years I always think of the college as conservative, slowly progressive; where some of the prejudices of 1830 are still firmly rooted. But if I am mistaken, and it be true that Amherst is really liberal, then it is just as true that it was liberal under the administration of President Seelye.

Mr. Price's poetical descriptions of Amherst's setting and natural beauties are fine, and I had a good laugh over the amusing climax to the visit of the English divine to the college. One can imagine the gusto and frequency with which the boys repeated the query: "Who is this king of gleaury?"

San Francisco, June 21 JOHN CHERBURY HALL

Anglo-Indian Relations

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. E. C. Sotheran's communication The English in India, published in your issue of June 14, needs a further reply than your editorial comment attached to it.

1. If the British Government is ruling India through the cooperation of the Indian people and not by the sword, why is it that it has been necessary for Britain to disarm the nation? If Britain is not keeping India in subjection by militarism, why is it that the military expenditure of India is increasing every year, and is more than double the military and naval expenditure of Japan? Military expenditure of Britain in India is more than 50 per cent of the revenue of the land. It has been increased from $225,000,000 to over $300,000,000, which means the total annual income of 30,000,000 starving people of India. This increase of military expenditure has come in India in spite of the Washington Conference and in spite of the opposition of the Indian members of the so-called Indian Legislative Council inaugurated after the Montagu-Chelmsford Reform scheme. General Rawlinson, the Commander-in-Chief of India, has made it quite clear that the increased military expenditure is to keep the Indian people down. In fact British militarism in India is operating to keep Egypt, Arabia, Persia, India, and the Malaya Peninsula under British control.

2. Mr. Sotheran shows his well-meant ignorance of a Britisher who brags about educating the Indian people. What the Britishers have done in India in the field of education in general is shown in the university commission reports of the Calcutta University, in which it has been described as a system of education to train clerks more than anything else. India without British domination could have come in contact with Western culture as Japan has done. India since the time of Alexander and even earlier had been in touch with the West, and in the past the West has learned a good many things from India too. Now unhappily, through the benevolent desire of the British Government to civilize India, only 11 per cent of the men and 1 per cent of the women there can read and write. Sir John Shore, the late Governor General of India, in his reports to the East India Company, stated that in 1800 more than 33 per cent of the people of India could read and write and that every village had a school, whereas today there is no *free* primary school in India and 85 per cent of the children of schoolgoing age grow up in ignorance, because there is only one school in six villages.

3. The "great admirer of Lord Morley" should read the second volume of Morley's "Recollections." There he will find evidence that Morley was doing the same thing that Gladstone did regarding Irish Home Rule. Morley makes it clear that he advocated reform in India to divide the growing solidarity among the moderates and radicals of India. Lord Morley saw that it would mean the final loss of British domination of India, and for that reason he coined the term *"rally the moderates of India."* Blunt's "Diary" makes it still more clear. The much-lauded Mr. Montagu also has said that if the Indian people attempt to escape British control all the forces of the British Empire will be used to keep them down. Whatever concessions have been granted to the Indian people have been due to the rising tide of revolt in India.

Chicago, Illinois, June 15 TARAKNATH DAS,
International Secretary Friends of Freedom for India

Austria and Cooperation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Villard's article, Austria—May, 1922, has particular value to "those who care." For unlike so many who write from Austria for the American press, Mr. Villard gives adequate recognition to the one permanently hopeful movement now active in that desperate land—Consumers' Cooperation. Why is it that we find such scant attention given by our foreign correspondents generally to this organization which now feeds and clothes one-third of the population? Most of the Austrians today are pretty generally looking for much of their support either from foreign charity (or the tourists), or from their own cooperatives. The former is spiritually an evil influence upon the country; the latter a strengthening and enlarging influence.

The genuine radical, however, will take exception to Mr. Villard's recommendation that the Government appoint a Minister of Cooperation. The Austrian Government or any other government will only play havoc with your true cooperative movement once it begins to meddle and advise. The cooperatives, permanent and solid structure though they are, built upon the insistent and unvarying needs of the consumers of the country, are delicately formed and easily thrown out of gear by officious politicians (no matter how well meaning they may be). Mr. Villard himself blames the Government for playing politics; but political governments are designed for the playing of politics, and if they fall down on that job, they are violating their most sacred (!) obligation. Could they do less than play politics inside the cooperative movement?

Wag as furiously as they may, political institutions must play tail to the economic dog, for the real power and initiative reside in the dog after all. If we are looking for the economic recovery of Austria we must look to the *economic* movements best fitted to serve the people. The labor unions and the cooperatives (comprising one million and two million respectively of the six million inhabitants) are the permanent hope of that sorely beset country.

New York, June 29 CEDRIC LONG

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Credo

I Believe in the American Merchant Marine for no Small, Narrow, Selfish, National Purpose

A Litany

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Free the oceans, free the waves; to all men of all climes the ocean's welcome!

Let their barks speed over the waters wherever they list, whatever the color of their sails, whatever the babel of tongues within their holds, upon their spume-washed decks.

No partisan rivalry here, but the contest of wits; the skill of mariner, the fidelity of engineer, the dexterity of supercargo, the luck of wind and tide and of the sea rising by night, falling by day.

Speak not to me of ships that sail but to take bread from the mouths of those who fly at peak another flag; for out of such comes no profit to him who sells nor him who buys.

Speak not to me of war and preparations for war as a reason for ships that ply to trade and trade to ply, for of this I shall know naught.

It is enough that men shall fight for their lives against waters and winds that never rest and never cease to plot, to betray, to trick, to take by surprise—winds that know no pity, waves that heed no prayers.

Every ship that bears guns to kill is an offense to Jehovah; speak, Lord, that man shall sin no more and shall battle but against envious gales and evil seas!

But every ship that goes forth to trade shall be a harbinger of peace, bearer of good words, doer of good deeds.

For shall it not bring succor to the starving of Caspia, the dying of Murmansk; and shall it not halt on its way to rescue from small boats those whom fate has cast into the sea?

Shall not those that guide it return to their own, saying: "Brethren, we have seen of our own eyes; it is not as was said; those are good men and good women among whom we have dwelt, even like unto ourselves"?

I sing of ships that carry stars and stripes of good-will; onto which shall climb sons of a great race no longer free to roam on prairies and across hills; spirits of adventure seeking to explore, sending ahead and behind wireless words of fair play and true faith.

Taking advantage of none; creating new marts of trade and reinforcing the old; so that more and still more shall have and hold and upon their old age shall fall rays of comfort and hopeful peace.

Building anew and taking the buoyant spirit of a nation in its prime and making room at home for others who desire not to fare out upon waters that rage and smile at will.

Speed the new ships bearing new aspirations, new yet old; revival of old ambitions once gloriously attained by ships from Salem and schooners of Maine.

Speed the hulls built not of oak but of steel; built in dire haste not always well; but meant to bear cargoes to all climes; give them of thine own; commend thy sons to their masters; give prayers that they shall be messengers of the right and servants of the stars.

For to them shall come words across the sea, words stealing through ether, knowing neither night nor day, skimming the surface of the oceans, soaring to the planets and saying:

Blessed be they that serve and risk all; blessed be the peacemakers that go down to the sea in ships, and blessed they that knit ties that bind the very ends of the earth and the islands of coral and of stone; for such are of the Brotherhood of Man.

Books

Science Outlined

The Outline of Science. A Plain Story Simply Told. Edited by J. Arthur Thomson. Vols. I and II. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75 each.

A CENTURY of scientific discovery and invention, constantly accelerating, invites ultimately the résumé, the epitome; if not for the scientist himself, victim of accumulations and duplications, then at least for the intelligent "general reader," confronted by masses of detail none too clearly organized. Such aid now comes—or has begun to come—in the shape of "The Outline of Science," two volumes of which, out of an intended four, are now at hand.

The work is of English origin. It seems designed primarily for readers in a country which, perhaps rather more markedly than our own, turns to science as an amateur diversion and discipline, and in which a homely, friendly commerce with birds, beasts, and the face of nature at large is a pleasant characteristic. Thus, a fully proportionate space (in the second volume, particularly) is given to natural history—one walks as through a vivified museum. On the other hand, we are not allowed to forget that the work issues from the land of Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, and Tyndall, where most of the great ideas which have shaped the thought of our time were early threshed out before popular institutes and similar gatherings. Yet the work is qualified to run wherever our language goes and wherever interest in condensed yet clear accounts of the latest theories, discoveries, and advances is felt. Besides being English in origin, it is English in tone and temper—quiet, well poised, assured. Perhaps only in the pages dealing with the electron does the tone indicate self-consciousness and rise to jubilation. Here the scientist becomes "we," and science itself a wonder, and the exclamation point a frequent feature. Yet all this is pardonable enough: the electron is Science's latest and dearest child, and all the dearer for having remained so long unrecognized and unknown.

The work opens, rather grandly, with a gallopade through the cosmos—Science on her high horse, with the telescope in one hand and the spectroscope in the other. This trivial earth of ours is put at once in its tiny place. Then the coming of life, with man rising to man's estate through anthropoid phases that remain nobly unblinked. Later, a chapter on The Body-Machine and Its Work, in itself a compact treatise on anatomy, physiology, and hygiene both physical and psychic. Farther on, a glance at the New Psychology, with its present-day fad of "complexes." Here, indeed, is a scheme, well begun and partly realized, for a complete, systematic dealing with man, his nature, his environment, his activities. One begins to feel that man will presently come to know himself and his place and will perhaps begin to do a little better in it. "It is not, indeed, always that we can credit man with rational conduct"—this apropos of conceptual as contrasted with perceptual inference—"but he has the possibility of it ever within his reach." However, the book is "popular"—nor it is by any means fully anthropocentric. Each volume must begin and end with a "feature," and various side-excursions and *divertissements* are provided to lead us willingly on. Many of these are neatly inserted into the general scheme, and so far from impeding its progress, really pro-

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ıote it. Who would dispense, for example, with the fascinating hapter on microscopy that opens the second volume? Here, esides the microscope proper, we meet the ultra-microscope, ;ith abundant pictures to illustrate the possibilities of both. ınd the vital importance of the microscope in such fields as hat of embryology firmly attaches the chapter to that general ackbone along which, for the most part, the work is ranged.

Many readers will think first of science's newest offerings, such s the electron and the Freudian complexes. They may also ıcline to freshen up a bit on Mendel's law, and even to pause n the present-day status of Darwinism. First, the electron— n connection with the dwindling coal supply. In view of all he new light on the composition of matter, and of the fact hat a brick contains more energy than we could extract from ' million tons of coal, one inclines to ask, Will science ever ap such energy? If it does, no more smoke, no mining, no ıansit by freight, no bulky fuel, no more fear of coal exhaus- ion. The difficulties are tremendous, as Sir Oliver Lodge re- ıinds us; but "there was just as much skepticism at one time .bout the utilization of steam or electricity."

With regard to psychoanalysis, we are to note, in general, hat what we have taken to be the mind is, in reality, a super- ıcial although very valuable part of man's total mind. The 'Outline" gives due prominence to the three chief complexes, he ego-, the sex-, and the herd-complex, but stops considerably hort of the Freudian ideas about dreams, and limits and quali- ies Freud's theories in other directions. The perfectly healthy ıind is the mind that establishes harmony among its different omplexes. But such a mind is rare. Complexes are often in- ompatible. Hence conflict, drama, and the problem-novel.

Among matters less immediately of the moment, Mendel's aw receives full exposition, and as much supplemental aid as ıictures of mice, pea-pods, and ears of wheat can give. And .bout here is decided, incidentally, that perplexing, time-old ıuestion, "Which came first, the hen or the egg?" The answer .eems easy, the line of thought once followed up and mastered: 'The fertilized egg makes the hen *and the eggs thereof.*" For ıfe, to quote Bergson, "is like a current passing *from germ to ɔerm* through the medium of a developed organism."

These considerations occur in a thoughtful chapter, How Darwinism Stands Today. The term "Darwinism" has been nade to mean somewhat different things, but the conclusions n the matter are, mainly, these: If Darwinism means the general idea of evolution or transformism (the descent of ıigher forms from lower) then Darwinism stands today more firmly than ever. If Darwinism is made to mean the particular statement of the factors in evolution which is expounded in "The Origin of Species," "The Descent of Man," and other of Darwin's works, then it must be said that while the main ideas remain valid there has been development all along the line. Briefly, Darwinism itself has evolved—as every sound theory should.

Much of the second volume is given over to natural history. It makes delectable reading for the young, who will perhaps favor the illustrations and the wealth of vividly picturesque detail at the expense of the underlying and persisting scheme which they enhance. How the animal organism is made to connect up with the general theme is well shown in the chapter on The Dawn of Mind, in the first volume, which has some interesting passages about animals at play.

Play, among animals, is presented as a "young form of work," the playing period being vitally important as an apprenticeship to the serious business of life. Play is nature's device for inducing behavior-variations. Play means early indications of a tendency to change; new departures; the variety upon which evolution so much depends; the organism's experiments in self-expression—the raw material of progress.

The "Outline" as a whole—viewing the completed volumes and considering announcements for the future—seems to be guided biologically. Indeed, Mr. Thomson, the editor (and the main author, thus far, judging from stylistic indications), is professor of natural history in one of the Scottish universities. Mechanical invention and its congeners come into his work only on their merits as means of discovery in fields germane to his interests. Man in association with man is absent almost altogether. Furthermore, the science here presented is, of course, handbook science—science washed, deodorized, prettified, and praised. No Lancashire "black country"; no western Pennsylvania, with its many odiousnesses and its multiplied problems; no reference to the scientific climax of 1914. Science seems to throw off all this upon her younger sister, Sociology, or even upon the deplorable Urmutter of us all, Human Nature. These various points allowed for, the venture promises to be almost perfect of its kind and for its purposes. It is clear, compact, accurate, and simple. It leads one on. Some of the plates are unnecessarily colorful, and the general effect of the illustrations is heterogeneous—but then the material itself is comprehensive and miscellaneous. Names of distinction—such as those of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Ray Lankester, and the younger Huxley—are promised for the third volume. These, besides amounting to high approval for the enterprise, will give it still greater variety and scope.

HENRY B. FULLER

The People and the Diplomats

Secret Diplomacy: How Far Can It Be Eliminated? By Paul S. Reinsch. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

IT still remains an open question whether the very nature of war is not such as to preclude us from learning any moral lesson from it. At any rate the peace, so far as there is one, does not show the nations eager to profit from their terrible experiences. In the important book which Paul S. Reinsch has written upon "Secret Diplomacy" he delves deep into the soil of international immorality and opens up more clearly than any other writer the obstacles which beset the attempt to make an effective League, or Society, of Nations. It comes to this, that states have never really recognized themselves as moral beings with real obligations to one another. This is best seen in the conduct of diplomacy, where the foreign minister, ambassador, or other representative of the state has always claimed to pursue the interests of his country by methods which would be held base or criminal in the private relations of men with one another. In his informing chapters on diplomacy in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in Europe Mr. Reinsch shows how far zealous ministers would go in falsehood, corruption, theft, and, he might have added, assassination. In these later days "the best people" perhaps do not suborn servants and steal documents, though they still claim their right to profit by such action on the part of others. But Foreign Policy everywhere still lives on concealment of truth and practices "amphibology" and "falsiloquy."

Though it is now manifest that the secret engagements of England with France and, through France, with Russia (so secret that Sir Edward Grey was able to deny their existence to Parliament) brought Germany and England into war in 1914, while the secret treaties made during the war are responsible for the most foolish and dangerous features of the peace, there is even yet little disposition among statesmen toward honesty of dealing. Scarcely was the ink dry in the signatures to the Covenant promising disclosure of all engagements to the League of Nations when France entered into secret conventions with Belgium and Hungary and attempted a similar convention with Jugoslavia. But *ex post facto* disclosure, could one rely upon it, would not go far enough. English statesmen still resist the demand that parliamentary sanction shall be got for national engagements with foreign states. *Versailles in 1918* showed that Mr. Wilson was driven ignominiously from his first "point" by the European unanimity for secrecy, while Washington recently showed a definite weakening in publicity on the part of America.

In his judicious discussion of the whole issue Mr. Reinsch

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proves that honesty and publicity go hand in hand, and that both are essential to democratic government. He might even have gone further in pointing out how autocratic secrecy in foreign policy is fatal to democracy in home government. Indeed, most defenders of secret diplomacy are frank disbelievers in democracy, holding it to be either impracticable or undesirable. There are, however, professing democrats who defend secrecy in foreign policy, on the ground that it is an expert business, and one in which the common herd can play no useful part. There are two usual counts in this charge of popular unfitness: one that the people is too ignorant and indifferent, the other that it is too excitable and prone to war. Mr. Reinsch justly remarks that "it is because the motives involved are so connected with class interests, or survivals of pride of race, that those concerned in them are eager to deny the fitness of the general public." For he rightly recognizes that the expertism of the governing caste, where it is not a mere survival of Machiavellian traditions, is the hidden hand of the trader, financier, or concessionnaire. It is quite true that the people do not know enough of this expertism for their own safety. How to give them this knowledge is indeed a chief problem of our age. The people must remain ignorant and indifferent, if they have no reliable and regular sources of accurate information, i. e., so long as foreign policy is run in the dark. So too they will be excitable and prone to war, for, living in darkness, they are prey to the sudden suspicions and alarms which are commonly contrived by the few deliberate war-makers like Poincaré, Berchtold, and Sazonov. Inherent unfitness for control of foreign policy can be charged against the people only by oligarchs. For "it cannot be argued that matters of the incidence of taxation, the public organization of credit, and the determination of commercial policies are less complex and intricate than are foreign affairs."

In truth we may easily turn the tables on the boastful expert. Take a crucial test. Here is Mr. Balfour, himself a defender of this expert theory, telling us "I do not think the government in June, 1914, had the slightest idea that there was any danger ahead." What sort of expertism is this? Bethmann-Hollweg and Grey were evidently staggered by the happenings of "the ten days" and fumbled futilely for escape. In view of this awful exhibition of ignorance and incompetency, to talk of the necessity of keeping foreign policy in the hands of experts is sheer effrontery. Mr. Reinsch lays his finger on the spot when he insists upon the severance that exists between diplomacy and public opinion. When all government was the function of a class, this severance counted for less. But the modern diplomatist is handling forces whose efficacy rests in the last resort on the thoughts and feelings of the common people. Now, as M. Chéradame observes, "the typical diplomat lives in a world of his own. His information is rarely obtained by direct observation of people and facts." These men have not any expert knowledge of the forces they are called upon to wield. They are not in close contact with public opinion, except when they plan to influence that opinion for their diplomatic ends. The people are not excitable and war-like, unless their misrulers have excited them and stirred them to combat, and this such rulers can best succeed in doing if they keep them uninformed and uncritical.

If the informed common sense of the people is not equal to the control of foreign policy, democracy itself is doomed. For no nation can any longer live unto itself. Therefore the whole problem of self-government rests upon the feasibility of grouping nations in some federal society in which they shall conduct themselves like decent human beings, telling the truth and acting honestly toward one another. Secrecy is incompatible with honesty. Unless the main lines of foreign policy are kept in the hands of the people's representatives, and all commitments are made with their deliberate consent, half a dozen selfish, ruthless, or fanatical men in high places may plunge the world into another war. And yet the great ones of the earth still clamor for secrecy and their sort of expertism! What are we to do about it? In England, at the opening of the war, a little group of men and women formed a Union of Democratic Control, with the prime object of forcing education in this vital issue. That union still exists and has linked itself with similar groups upon the Continent and in America. Here is the beginning of the great educational movement to which Mr Reinsch surely refers when he declares "there is a need of the formation of a great freemasonry of all publicists, politicians, men, and teachers of the people, united in the resolve to know and make known the essential elements in current international affairs, to arouse the public to a sense of the importance of these matters to their everyday life, and to support the men more directly responsible for the conduct of foreign policy, with an intelligent, searching, reasonable, and broad public opinion."

J. A. HOBSON

How Medieval Modern History Is

Mediaeval Contributions to Modern Civilization: A Series of Lectures Delivered at King's College University of London. Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages. By Maurice De Wulf. Princeton University Press. $3.

Arabic Thought and Its Place in History. By De Lacy O'Leary. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

France and England: Their Relations in the Middle Ages and Now. By T. E. Tout. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

A History of France from the Death of Louis XI. Volume I: *Reign of Charles VIII, Regency of Anne of Beaujeu, 1483-1493.* By John S. C. Bridge. Oxford University Press. $7.20.

Henry VI. By Mabel E. Christie. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature. Volume VI: *Angevin Britain and Scandinavia.* By Henry Goddard Leach. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

The Cambridge Mediaeval History. Volume III: *Germany and the Western Empire.* Planned by J. B. Bury. The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

IN proposing for the freshman class of Barnard College a course in the "History of Mankind, designed to bring out the chief aspects of man's relation to his environment by tracing present conditions and tendencies to historic processes," the Student Curricular Committee is not merely voicing the latest H. G. Wells fad; rather they are following the present trend of philosophical and historical thought. Signor Croce is teaching that the philosophic reality of the world is exhausted in its history and that this history is not what the world has been but what it is. The late Viscount Bryce in his Presidential Address before the International Congress of Historical Studies in 1913 remarked that "the world is becoming one in an altogether new sense. . . . Whatever happens in any part of the globe has now a significance for every other part. . . . The widening of the field is also due to a larger conception of History, which . . . now enables us faintly to discern the outlines of a process of slow development of mankind." A new conception is here, and the Barnard students are requesting a kind of history that will conform to the principles of Bryce and Croce. Can historians meet the demand?

In 1913 F. S. Marvin, in "The Living Past," compressed the spirit of all the ages of world history in 272 pages. Seven years later in "The Outline of History" H. G. Wells added a didactic purpose to his work, intending in his 1,100 pages "to show history as one whole as there can be no common peace and prosperity without common historical ideas." The question arises as to whether these summaries fit the ideals of Bryce and Croce.

Of course nothing is more medieval than a summary; the medieval period abounded in chronicles, compendiums, manuals, annals, and glosses—most of them teleological in character.

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rosius, Boethius, St. Augustine, and Isidore of Seville were this respect precursors of H. G. Wells. One is tempted to id another to the multitudinous causes for the Fall of Rome—utlines of History. The Marvin and Wells summaries both nd to destroy the thousand years of the world's record known . the Middle Ages. Mr. Marvin devotes only seventeen pages it, while Mr. Wells ignores it. Now there still exists a oup of medieval scholars who feel that they too are serving e world and who are by no means inclined to suffer extinc-on. Rather they would accept the Croce-Bryce challenge and monstrate how truly modern history is medieval. Henry dams and Ralph Adams Cram have already familiarized merica with their methods; Hilaire Belloc and Gilbert Ches-rton have done the same for England.

T. E. Tout emphasizes the common civilization and close finities of the members of the Dual Entente, even at a time hen they were most hostile to each other, as a plea for a con-nuation of the alliance of the recent war. As an authority i the medieval administrative institutions of both countries, r. Tout can and does set forth some valuable and serious istorical information. One questions his judgment when he ppeals to the mass prejudices of today. His references to edieval bolshevists and medieval Pan-Germans are unsupport-ble anachronisms. Besides, has any reference to bolshevism far tended to promote good feelings between England and rance? But by means of his specialty Mr. Tout goes far to-ard proving his thesis that "behind general antagonism there as long been a strong undercurrent of affinities that have al-ays made the relations between England and France more ıtimate and continuous than have been those between any ther two nations of Western Europe."

Present-day "interest in and appreciation of kings and of e institution of royalty" is chiefly romantic, and an appeal romance demands style. Mabel E. Christie cannot write ke a Lytton Strachey. Her effort to make the history of urope converge upon so slight a figure as Henry VI does not arry conviction. Much better results are obtained by John . C. Bridge. The French institution of royalty, which was olded so largely in the reigns of Louis XI and Charles VIII, ecame historically so important that a work on this neglected eriod of French history should be appreciated by English eaders. Mr. Bridge questions "whether any decade in French istory exercised a more decisive influence in the creation of onarchical France." Of Anne de Beaujeu he affirms that she as "the first and perhaps the best of that series of remark-ble women who hold high places in the annals of the rulers of rance."

Students may thrive on the material found in the series of ctures by various authors which have been brought together one volume by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. One cannot help com-aring this work with the recent inquest on "Civilization in he United States" edited by Harold Stearns. The two seem to gree in their conception of history as a record of the individ-al and special experiences of mankind—the accidents, as it ere, of social institutions; they differ in that the medieval roup comes to praise rather than to bury. Just how serious contribution to the modern science of aviation should Roger acon's mention of men flying in the air be considered? How uch does Lenin draw from the "record of John Ball, the very atest thing in bolshevist communism"? Is there a direct con-ection between the feminism of Pierre Dubois and that of Mrs. Pankhurst? Does guild socialism as preached by G. D. H. ole originate in the medieval guild or in the modern factory? omparisons between the civilizations of two ages may be timulating but they may also prove grossly misleading.

Maurice De Wulf of the University of Louvain has pub-ished the series of lectures that he delivered at Princeton Uni-ersity, to show how the thought of the medieval period is ntimately connected with the whole round of Western civiliza-ion. M. De Wulf feels that the Greek contribution to phi-osophy has been overstressed at the expense of the medieval. He does not attempt to cover the whole field of medieval civilization in relation to its antecedents and consequences but rather aims "to open the way" by means of a study of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, "the very heart of the Middle Ages," "centuries of French thought." As a professor he admires this age wherein "there was no government control of education." It is necessary at certain points to examine M. De Wulf's facts rather critically.

De Lacy O'Leary is his own commentator. He sets out "to trace the history of Muslim thought so as to show the elements which it had in common with Christian teaching and to account for the points of divergence." After following through what he styles "the most romantic history of culture drift which is known to us in detail," he outlines what he has accomplished as follows: "We have now traced the transmission of a particular type of Hellenistic culture through the Syrian Church, the Zoroastrians of Persia, and the pagans of Harran to the Islamic community, where it was rather compromised by the patronage of those whom the official Muslim teachers decided to regard as heretics. In spite of this censure it has left a very distinct and enduring impression on Muslim theology and on popular beliefs. After a chequered career in the East it passed over to the Western Muslim community in Spain, where it had a very specialized development, which finally made a deeper impression on Christian and Jewish thought than on that of the Muslim themselves, and attained its final evolution in Northeast Italy, where, as an anti-ecclesiastical influence, it prepared the way for the Renascence. But this main line of development is not really the most important; all along that line it was branching off on one side or another, and its richest fruits must be sought in these side issues, in the scholasticism which, in Islam, in Judaism, and in Christianity was a reaction from its teaching, and in the medical, chemical, and other scientific studies of the Middle Ages, which largely owed their inspiration to its influence."

"An incomplete guide-book in a strange territory is better than none at all," Henry Goddard Leach, secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, tells us. He defines his new history as follows: "The histories of our school-days treated mainly of wars, and were apparently calculated to breed a national self-complacency as vicious as it was false. . . . It has been a pleasure, therefore, to bring into relief the friendly intercourse of Englishmen and the men of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland, and to tell of the yarns they swapped and of the books they exchanged centuries ago." Mr. Leach expertly charts the current of influences as it flowed from north to south before 1066 and in reverse direction from that date until the Elizabethan age.

The modern *vade-mecum* for the medievalist is most apt to be "The Cambridge Mediaeval History," the third volume of which has just appeared. The period covered is from the death of Charlemagne through the emergence of feudalism. Ordinarily this period has been called "The Dark Ages," but Anglo-French *revanche* has rechristened it "Germany and the Western Empire." All of the war psychoses of the present volume are not as subtle as this. One of the authors closes his chapter with the following: "It will be long before any of the nations can forgive Germany; longer still, I earnestly hope, before she can forgive herself." The editors confess that "in these centuries . . . it is chiefly of kings, of battles, and great events, or of purely technical things like legal grant or taxes, of which alone we can speak, because it is of them we are mostly told." There are chapters on Louis the Pious, The Carolingian Kingdoms, France, Burgundy, Italy, Germany, England, The Vikings, The Western Caliphate, The Church, Feudalism, Learning and Literature, and Byzantine and Romanesque Arts. It is a picture of Europe fallen into fragments (Balkanized?), yet held together in a peculiar union through the power of the church and its scriptural ideals.

Especially notable are the chapters on Feudalism by Sir Paul Vinogradoff and on Learning and Literature by Montague

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Rhodes James. After reading Mr. James's characterization of Isidore of Seville it seems quite appropriate to nominate H. G. Wells for the title and office of "The Modern Isidore of Seville." Mr. James says of Isidore: "In the twenty books of his 'Etymologiae' he brought together a collection of facts (and fiction) which served as the encyclopedia of the whole medieval period. He was beyond question the leading transmitter of knowledge in his century. . . . To us its great merit is that it has preserved a number of fragments of early Latin writers: but to many a generation after Isidore its practical utility was immense. It was by far the handiest—and in most cases the only accessible—book in which information about natural history, geography, antiquities, the origins of arts and sciences would be found." The chapters by Mr. James are by no means mere synopses or outlines; they are the kind to which a specialist likes to direct the real student of history for study and research. The reviewer would prefer that such should furnish the basis for the new history, that scientific history which has been only recently achieved. E. F. HUMPHREY

Art and the Public in Russia

FANCY a modern poet standing up in the public square of some modern industrial city and trying to read his poems aloud. How many of those hurrying past would pause to lend him an ear? And still these same hurrying people will invariably stop to listen to a salesman expounding the merits of the latest patent or to a political campaigner advertising the merits of his candidate for office.

Russia has still preserved some traces of "modern civilization" and one may safely walk the streets of Petrograd, or Moscow, or Kiev without encountering long-haired individuals bound to force upon the crowd the products of their poetic fancies. But one will encounter posters announcing in large letters that at a certain hall "the futurists will storm the city tonight," or that "an evening of proletarian poets will take place," or that a "public trial will be held over the imagists" (the prosecutors being the symbolist X and the futurist Y, the defendants exhibiting their works, and the witnesses to be selected from the audience), or that an "oral magazine will be read by its editors and contributors."

At the box-office on the evening of such a performance one may learn that the house is sold out or, at least, that there is a substantial gathering of people, many of them student boys and girls but a considerable number of workers, soldiers, sailors, officials, artists, and people of all walks of life, waiting in line for their tickets. It may be a cold winter night, a fierce wind sweeping in as the entrance door opens and closes. For the most part scantily dressed, they try to keep warm by beating their boots on the stony floor, at the same time cheerfully discussing the poets, or the political situation, or the latest food ration, or some problem of art, until their turn comes at the ticket-office window.

Inside the hall is overcrowded. Every available place is taken. Those who come last fill the aisles, press against the walls as though in an effort to make more room, and patiently stand on their feet all through the performance.

The tribune is occupied by the chairman—most frequently it is the renowned poet Briussov, who is president of the All-Russian Association of the Poets. He opens the evening with a short discourse on poetry and the poets who will appear tonight. Then the poets themselves come up one after another to present their latest works, every one reading in his own particular manner. Sometimes it is a chant, sometimes artistic recitation, sometimes it borders on oratory. But as a rule it is good reading, forceful, with a direct and powerful appeal. Sometimes the poet has to say a few words before he starts to read, or an informal discussion develops, the audience always taking a lively part in the proceedings. The public has its favorites who are greeted with showers of applause and with shouts of satisfaction. They are asked to reappear; the audience suggests its favorite poems. A popular favorite may be odious to some individuals or groups, and they will take every opportunity to show their feelings. If they become too insistent they may be hissed down—all this in a rather good-natured way. It is assumed that there should be factions divided along the lines of the different "schools" or favorites, and every faction is entitled to let its views be known. All this creates a lively atmosphere centered upon pure artistic questions, by which the poet benefits not less than the public.

There are also various cafes of the poets, where one may enjoy one's cup of tea or coffee amid artistic surroundings and may listen to the latest works of poetry. During the reading the eating and drinking usually stops. Every visitor knows what he is to expect and he would not disturb the reading by loud chewing or gulping.

This custom of public poetic performances is one phase of the strong tendency of Russian poetry to emancipate itself from the printed page and to lead its life in the mouths of the poet and in the warm atmosphere of the crowd. Perhaps it is making a merit of necessity. To a certain degree it probably should be attributed to the fact that Russia is experiencing an acute shortage of paper and printing facilities. Only few books of poetry can be printed, and that in such small numbers of copies that they do not reach any considerable audience. But the primary cause of this new tendency of Russian poetry must be sought in revolutionary conditions. New horizons are opened up before Russian poetry. It has to face new problems, arising from the new forms of life, from the new surroundings dictating new methods of artistic expression.

The revolution in Russia brought with it the slogan that the arts must be returned to the masses. Back to life, to the warm atmosphere of the crowd, out of the drawing-rooms into the turmoil of the streets. The revolution itself is a violent expression of passionate emotionalism, and this passionateness finds its way into the arts. Their appeal must necessarily become more direct and emotional. The arts must adopt new forms, free themselves from every unnecessary ideological and intellectual ballast. If the signs "adorning" the streets at present are ever to be replaced by artistic placards, the placards cannot be treated the same as pictures designed for a gallery. They must be artistic expressions through colors which can force themselves upon the eye and stir the emotions by their sheer gaudiness and riotousness. And if poetry is to live in the human voice amid the roar of the mass, then it cannot be treated the same as when it is intended solely for the printed page. The words then must force themselves upon the ears of the listener, and appeal to the emotions by their mere combinations of sounds aided by the intonation of the phrases. Alexander Blok, who has been the poet of the silent songs devoted to the symbolic "Lady Beautiful" and to his own real tortured soul, was one of the first who intuitively grasped this urgent demand of the revolution. His works following immediately upon the revolutionary upheaval, his famous "The Twelve" and especially the "Scythians," are created in such a form that they almost force one to read them aloud. L. TALMY

Books in Brief

Through the Shadows. By Cyril Alington. Macmillan. $1.75.

A graceful and amusing little novel full of an ingenuity which at times gets between the reader and the fun.

Portuguese Literature. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. Oxford. $9.45.

A bulky manual of which one may say that it is encyclopedic and sound and that it deals with a body of literature more interesting than many readers have had a chance to realize.

The Queen of Sheba. By Phinneas A. Crutch. Putnam. $2.50.

Another historical burlesque which is a dry chip off that juicier old block "The Cruise of the Kawa."

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